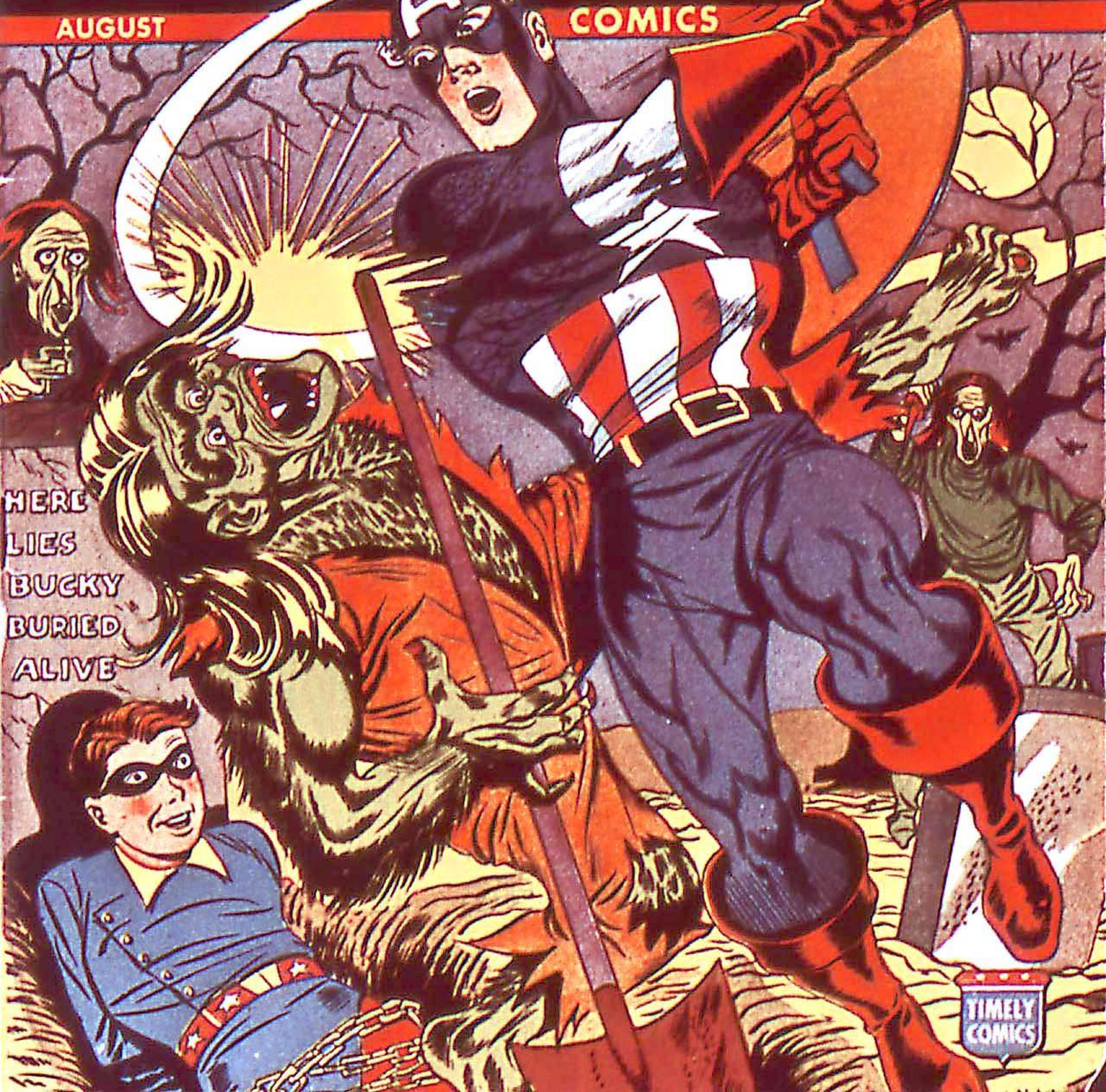
NO. 17

CAPTAIN AMERICA

10¢

AUGUST COMICS


HERE
LIES
BUCKY
BURIED
ALIVE
TIMELY COMICS

CAPTAIN AMERICA

NEW! DIFFERENT! EXCITING!

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Stan Lee,
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Number 17

Al Avison,
Associate Editor

FOR DEFENSE
BUY
UNITED
STATES
SAVINGS
BONDS
AND STAMPS

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HAVE YOU SEEN THE NEW *"KRAZY KOMICS"?*

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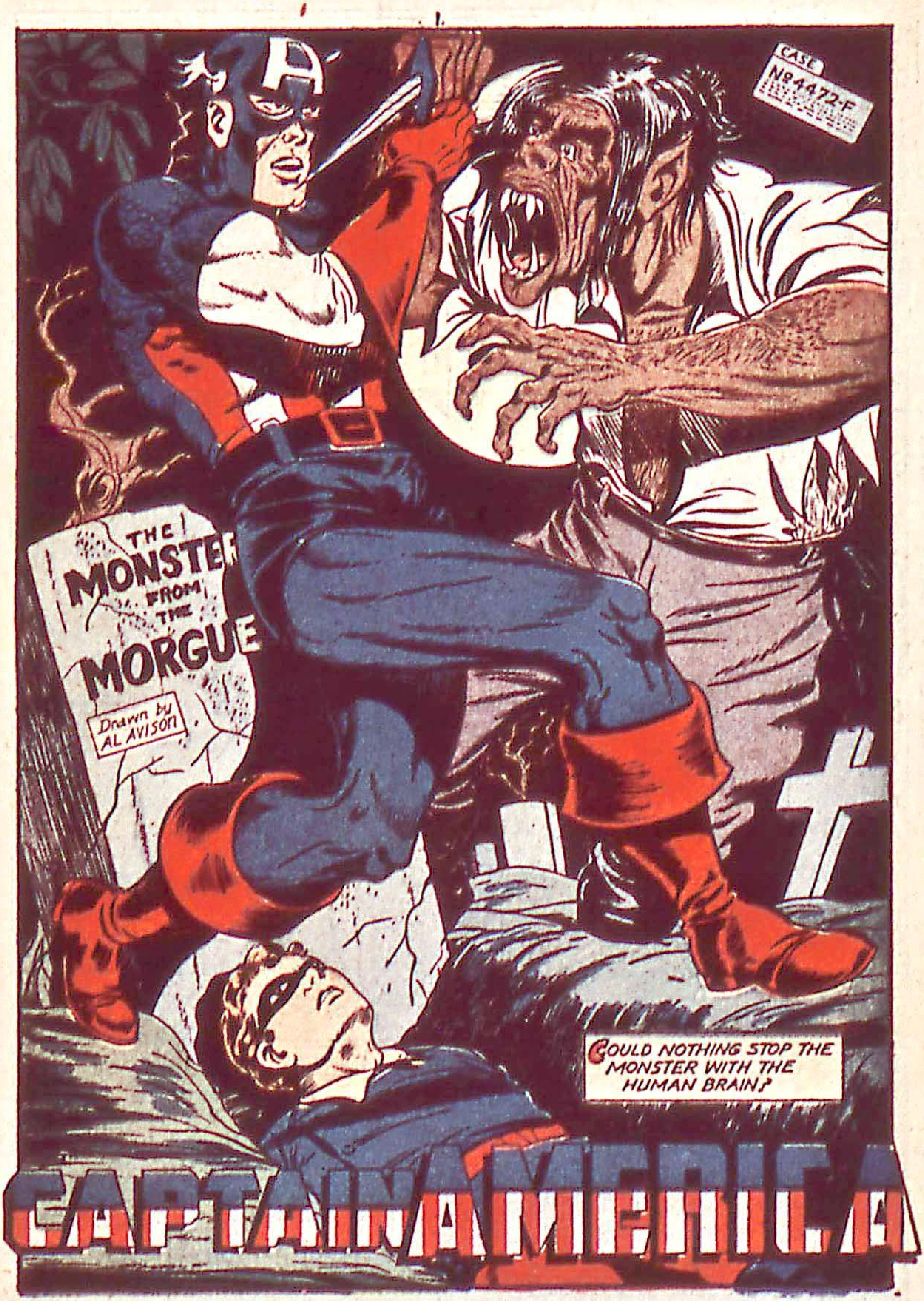
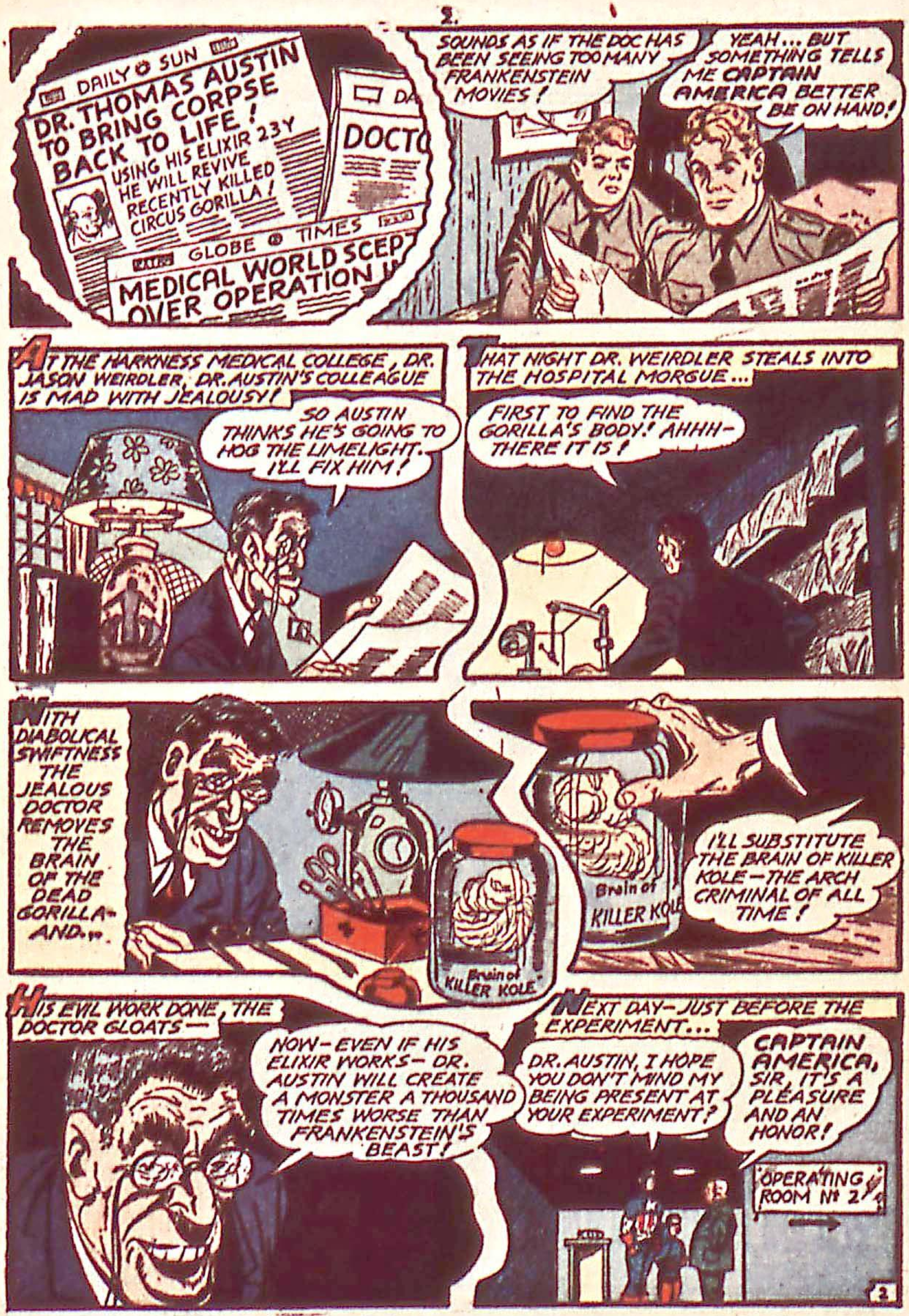
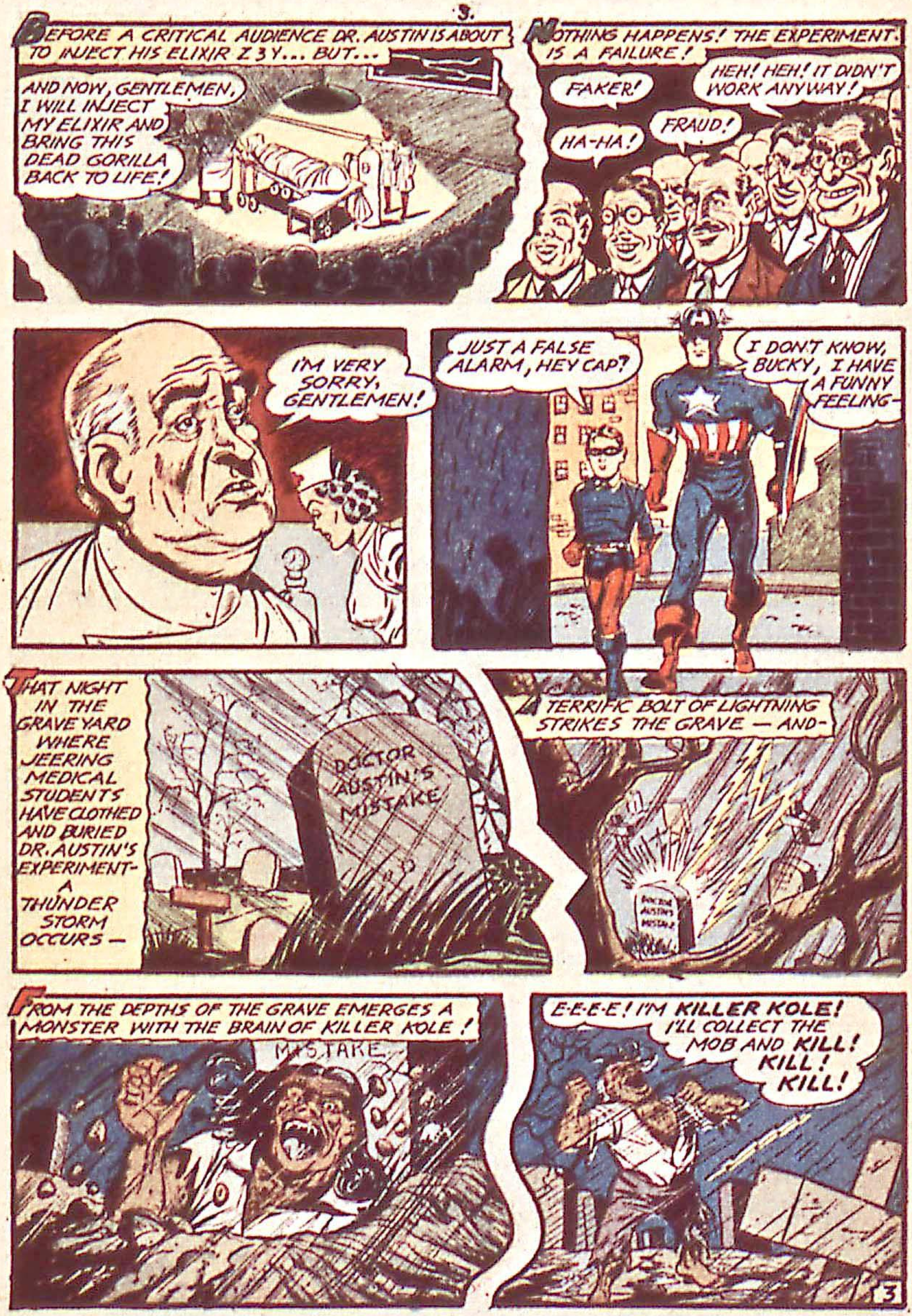
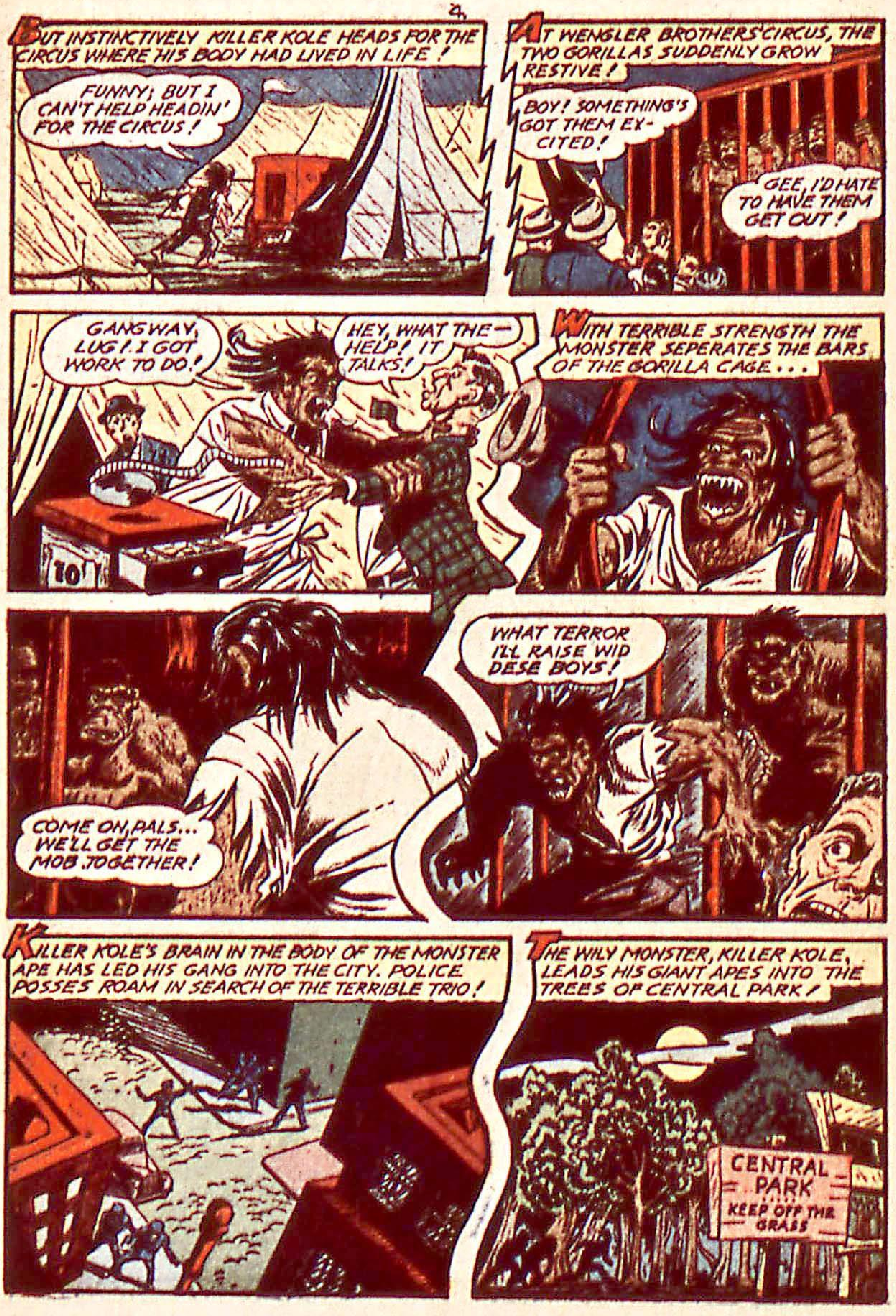
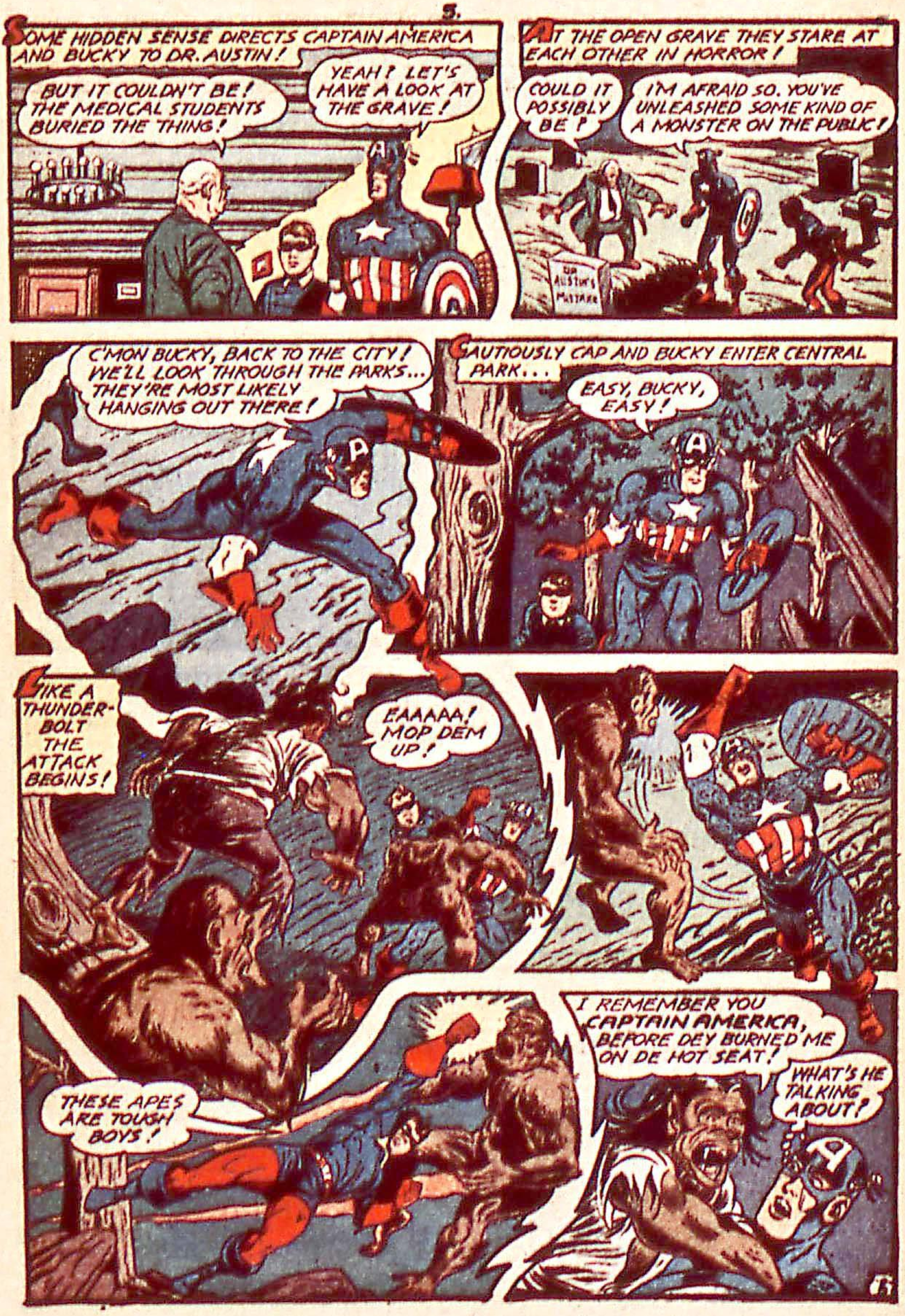
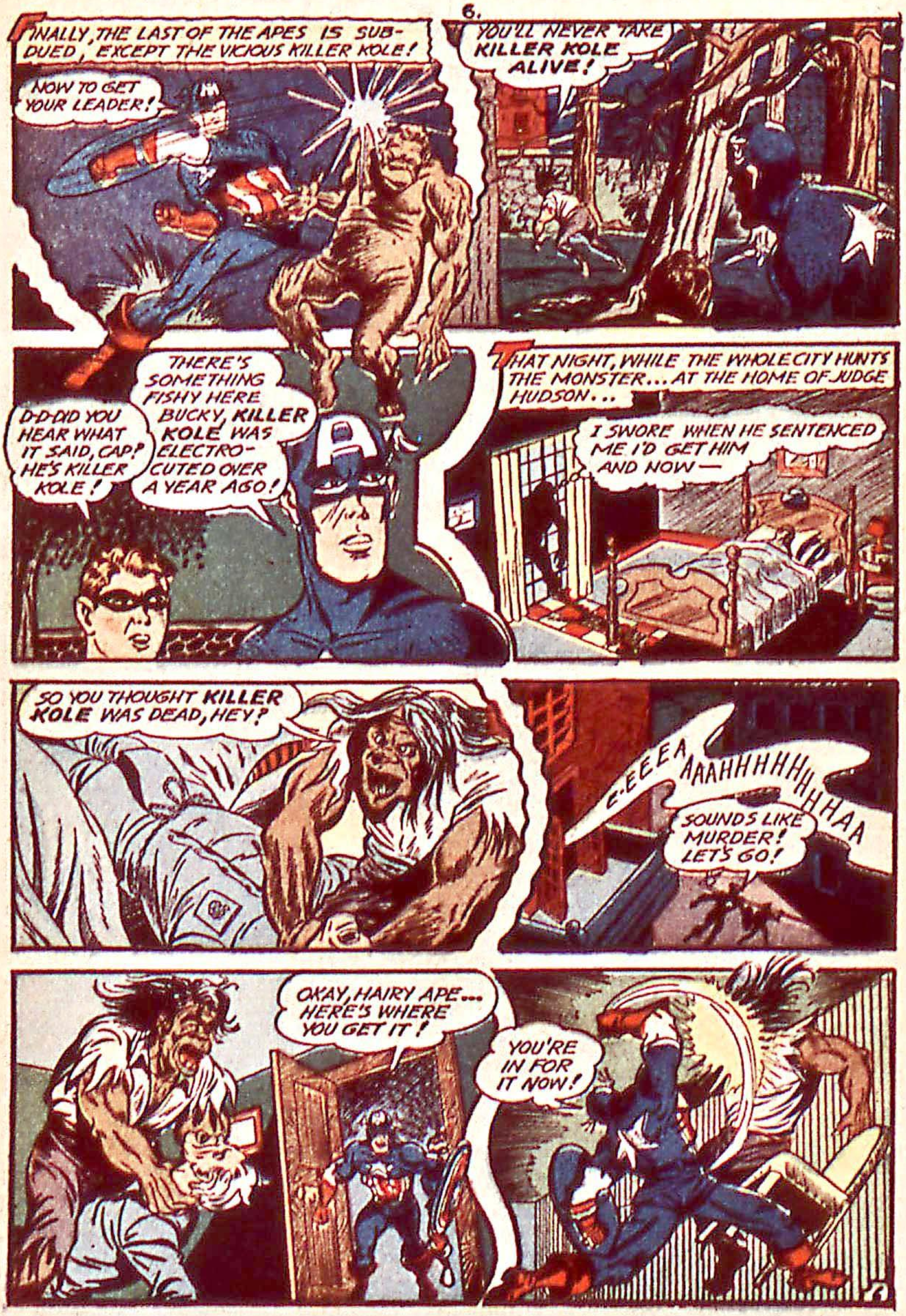

CASE
№4472-F
THE MONSTER FROM THE MORGUE
Drawn by AL AVISON
COULD NOTHING STOP THE MONSTER WITH THE HUMAN BRAIN?
CAPTAIN AMERICA

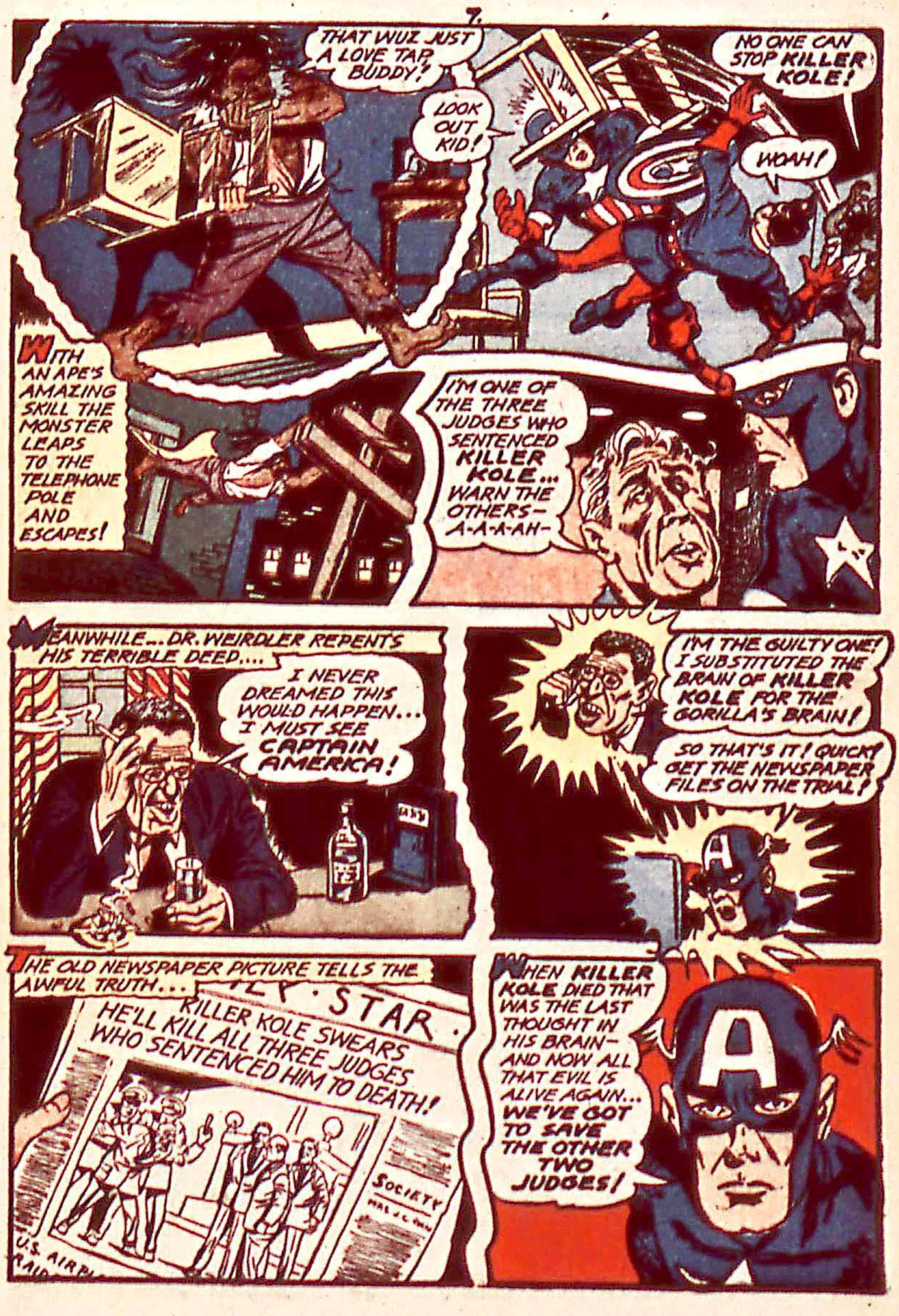

DAILY SUN
DR. THOMAS AUSTIN TO BRING CORPSE BACK TO LIFE!
USING HIS ELIXIR 23Y HE WILL REVIVE RECENTLY KILLED CIRCUS GORILLA!
DOCTO
GLOBE TIMES
MEDICAL WORLD SCEPT OVER OPERATION
SOUNDS AS IF THE DOC HAS BEEN SEEING TOO MANY FRANKENSTEIN MOVIES!
YEAH... BUT SOMETHING TELLS ME CAPTAIN AMERICA BETTER BE ON HAND!
AT THE HARKNESS MEDICAL COLLEGE, DR. JASON WEIRDLER, DR. AUSTIN'S COLLEAGUE IS MAD WITH JEALOUSY!
SO AUSTIN THINKS HE'S GOING TO HOG THE LIMELIGHT. I'LL FIX HIM!
THAT NIGHT DR. WEIRDLER STEALS INTO THE HOSPITAL MORGUE...
FIRST TO FIND THE GORILLA'S BODY! AHHH- THERE IT IS!
WITH DIABOLICAL SWIFTNESS THE JEALOUS DOCTOR REMOVES THE BRAIN OF THE DEAD GORILLA- AND...
Brain of KILLER KOLE
Brain of KILLER KOLE
I'LL SUBSTITUTE THE BRAIN OF KILLER KOLE—THE ARCH CRIMINAL OF ALL TIME!
HIS EVIL WORK DONE, THE DOCTOR GLOATS—
NOW—EVEN IF HIS ELIXIR WORKS—DR. AUSTIN WILL CREATE A MONSTER A THOUSAND TIMES WORSE THAN FRANKENSTEIN'S BEAST!
NEXT DAY—JUST BEFORE THE EXPERIMENT...
DR. AUSTIN, I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND MY BEING PRESENT AT YOUR EXPERIMENT?
CAPTAIN AMERICA, SIR, IT'S A PLEASURE AND AN HONOR!
OPERATING ROOM Nº 2
2

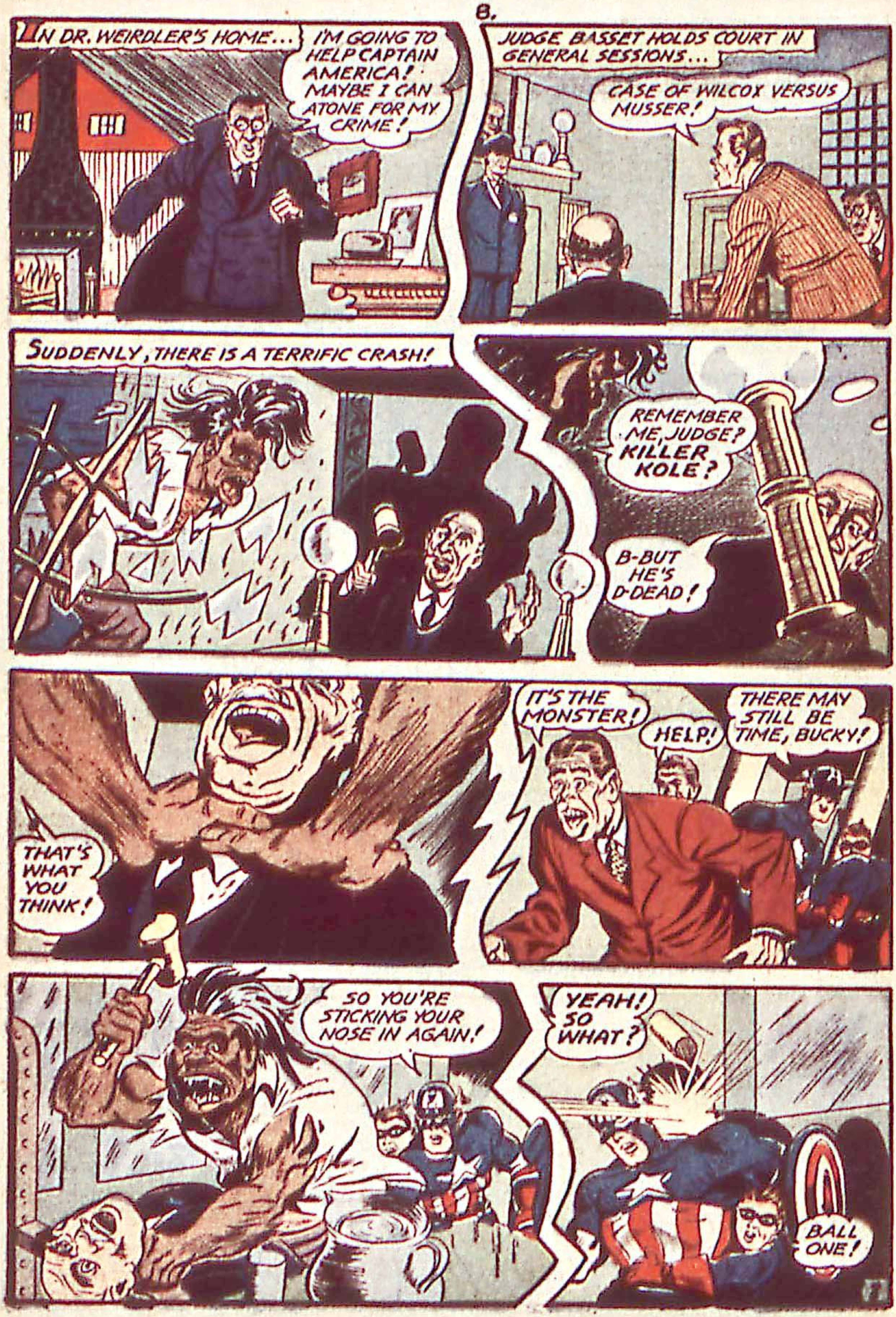

BEFORE A CRITICAL AUDIENCE DR. AUSTIN IS ABOUT TO INJECT HIS ELIXIR Z 3 Y... BUT...
AND NOW, GENTLEMEN, I WILL INJECT MY ELIXIR AND BRING THIS DEAD GORILLA BACK TO LIFE!
NOTHING HAPPENS! THE EXPERIMENT IS A FAILURE!
FAKER!
HEH! HEH! IT DIDN'T WORK ANYWAY!
FRAUD!
HA-HA!
I'M VERY SORRY, GENTLEMEN!
JUST A FALSE ALARM, HEY CAP?
I DON'T KNOW, BUCKY, I HAVE A FUNNY FEELING-
THAT NIGHT IN THE GRAVE YARD WHERE JEERING MEDICAL STUDENTS HAVE CLOTHED AND BURIED DR. AUSTIN'S EXPERIMENT- A THUNDER STORM OCCURS —
DOCTOR AUSTIN'S MISTAKE
A TERRIFIC BOLT OF LIGHTNING STRIKES THE GRAVE — AND-
DOCTOR AUSTIN'S MISTAKE
FROM THE DEPTHS OF THE GRAVE EMERGES A MONSTER WITH THE BRAIN OF KILLER KOLE!
MISTAKE
E-E-E-E! I'M KILLER KOLE! I'LL COLLECT THE MOB AND KILL! KILL! KILL!
3

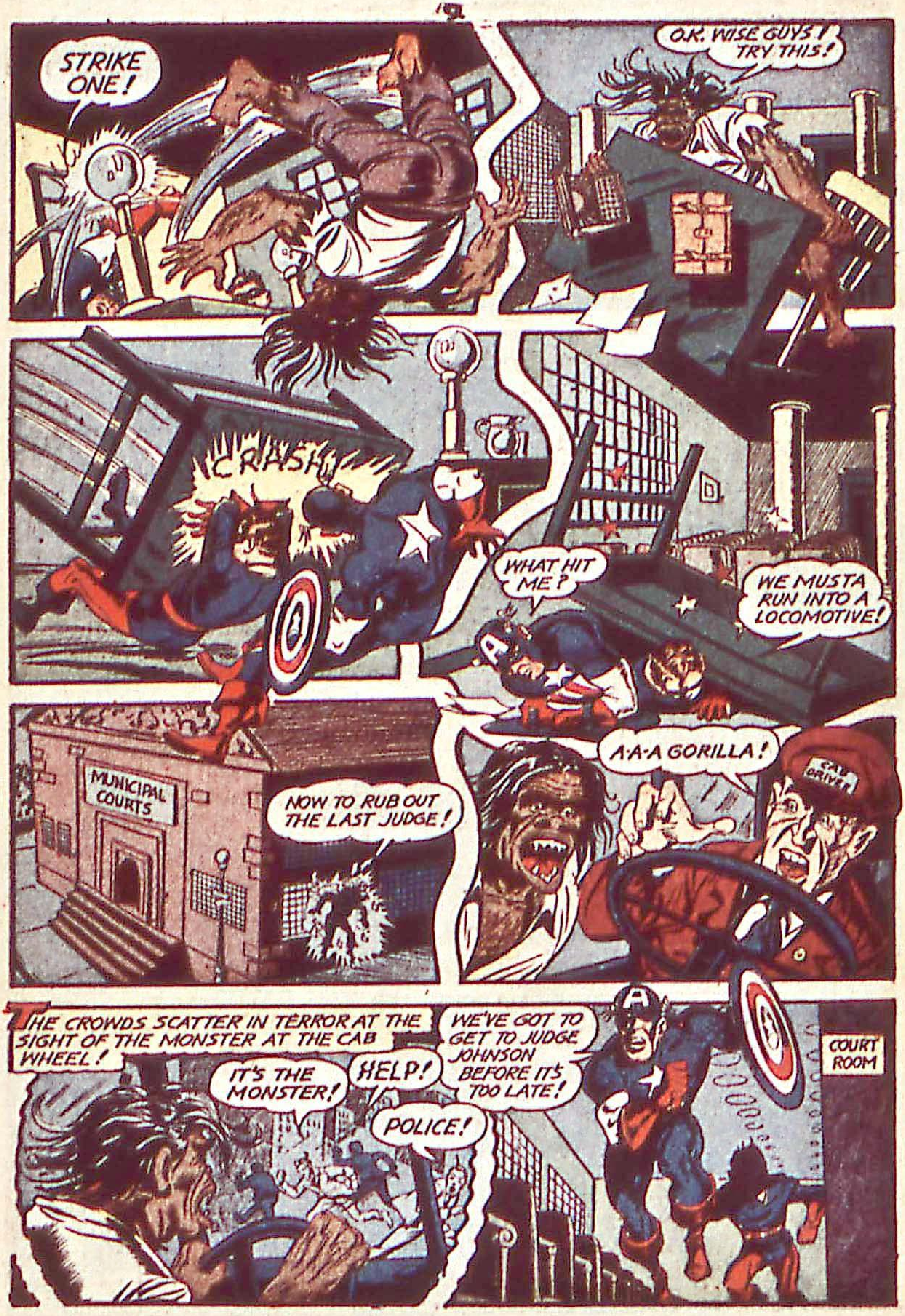

BUT INSTINCTIVELY KILLER KOLE HEADS FOR THE CIRCUS WHERE HIS BODY HAD LIVED IN LIFE!
FUNNY; BUT I CAN'T HELP HEADIN' FOR THE CIRCUS!
AT WENGLER BROTHERS'CIRCUS, THE TWO GORILLAS SUDDENLY GROW RESTIVE!
BOY! SOMETHING'S GOT THEM EXCITED!
GEE, I'D HATE TO HAVE THEM GET OUT!
GANGWAY, LUG! I GOT WORK TO DO!
HEY, WHAT THE— HELP! IT TALKS!
10
WITH TERRIBLE STRENGTH THE MONSTER SEPERATES THE BARS OF THE GORILLA CAGE...
COME ON, PALS... WE'LL GET THE MOB TOGETHER!
WHAT TERROR I'LL RAISE WID DESE BOYS!
KILLER KOLE'S BRAIN IN THE BODY OF THE MONSTER APE HAS LED HIS GANG INTO THE CITY. POLICE POSSES ROAM IN SEARCH OF THE TERRIBLE TRIO!
THE WILY MONSTER, KILLER KOLE, LEADS HIS GIANT APES INTO THE TREES OF CENTRAL PARK!
CENTRAL PARK
KEEP OFF THE GRASS

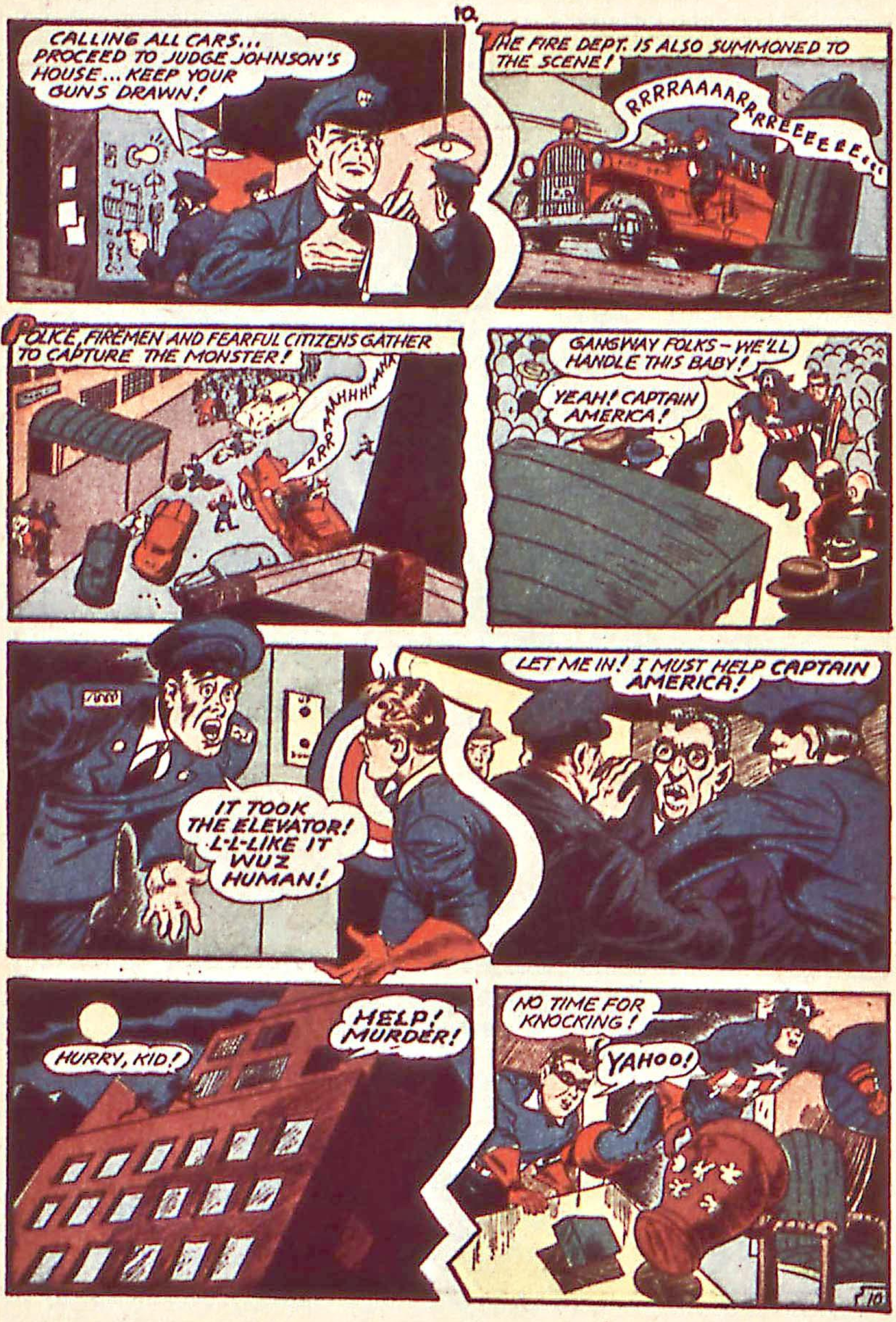

SOME HIDDEN SENSE DIRECTS CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY TO DR. AUSTIN!
BUT IT COULDN'T BE! THE MEDICAL STUDENTS BURIED THE THING!
YEAH! LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT THE GRAVE!
AT THE OPEN GRAVE THEY STARE AT EACH OTHER IN HORROR!
COULD IT POSSIBLY BE?
I'M AFRAID SO. YOU'VE UNLEASHED SOME KIND OF A MONSTER ON THE PUBLIC!
DR AUSTIN'S MISTAKE
C'MON BUCKY, BACK TO THE CITY! WE'LL LOOK THROUGH THE PARKS... THEY'RE MOST LIKELY HANGING OUT THERE!
CAUTIOUSLY CAP AND BUCKY ENTER CENTRAL PARK...
EASY, BUCKY, EASY!
LIKE A THUNDERBOLT THE ATTACK BEGINS!
EAAAAA! MOP DEM UP!
THESE APES ARE TOUGH BOYS!
I REMEMBER YOU CAPTAIN AMERICA, BEFORE DEY BURNED ME ON DE HOT SEAT!
WHAT'S HE TALKING ABOUT?
5

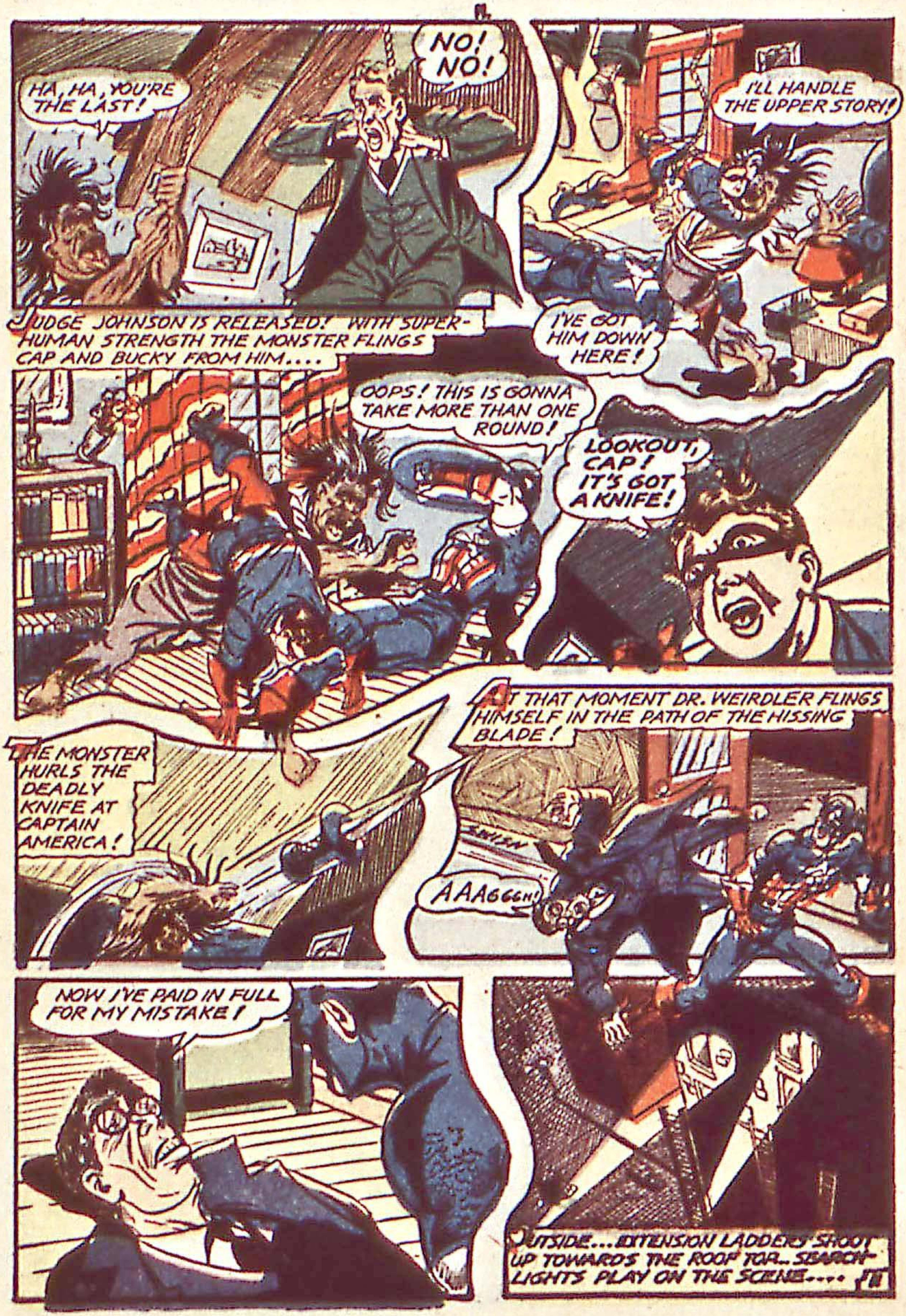

FINALLY, THE LAST OF THE APES IS SUBDUED, EXCEPT THE VICIOUS KILLER KOLE!
NOW TO GET YOUR LEADER!
YOU'LL NEVER TAKE KILLER KOLE ALIVE!
D-D-DID YOU HEAR WHAT IT SAID, CAP? HE'S KILLER KOLE!
THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY HERE BUCKY, KILLER KOLE WAS ELECTROCUTED OVER A YEAR AGO!
THAT NIGHT, WHILE THE WHOLE CITY HUNTS THE MONSTER... AT THE HOME OF JUDGE HUDSON...
I SWORE WHEN HE SENTENCED ME I'D GET HIM AND NOW—
SO YOU THOUGHT KILLER KOLE WAS DEAD, HEY?
E-EEEAAAAHHHHHHHHHAA
SOUNDS LIKE MURDER! LET'S GO!
OKAY, HAIRY APE... HERE'S WHERE YOU GET IT!
YOU'RE IN FOR IT NOW!

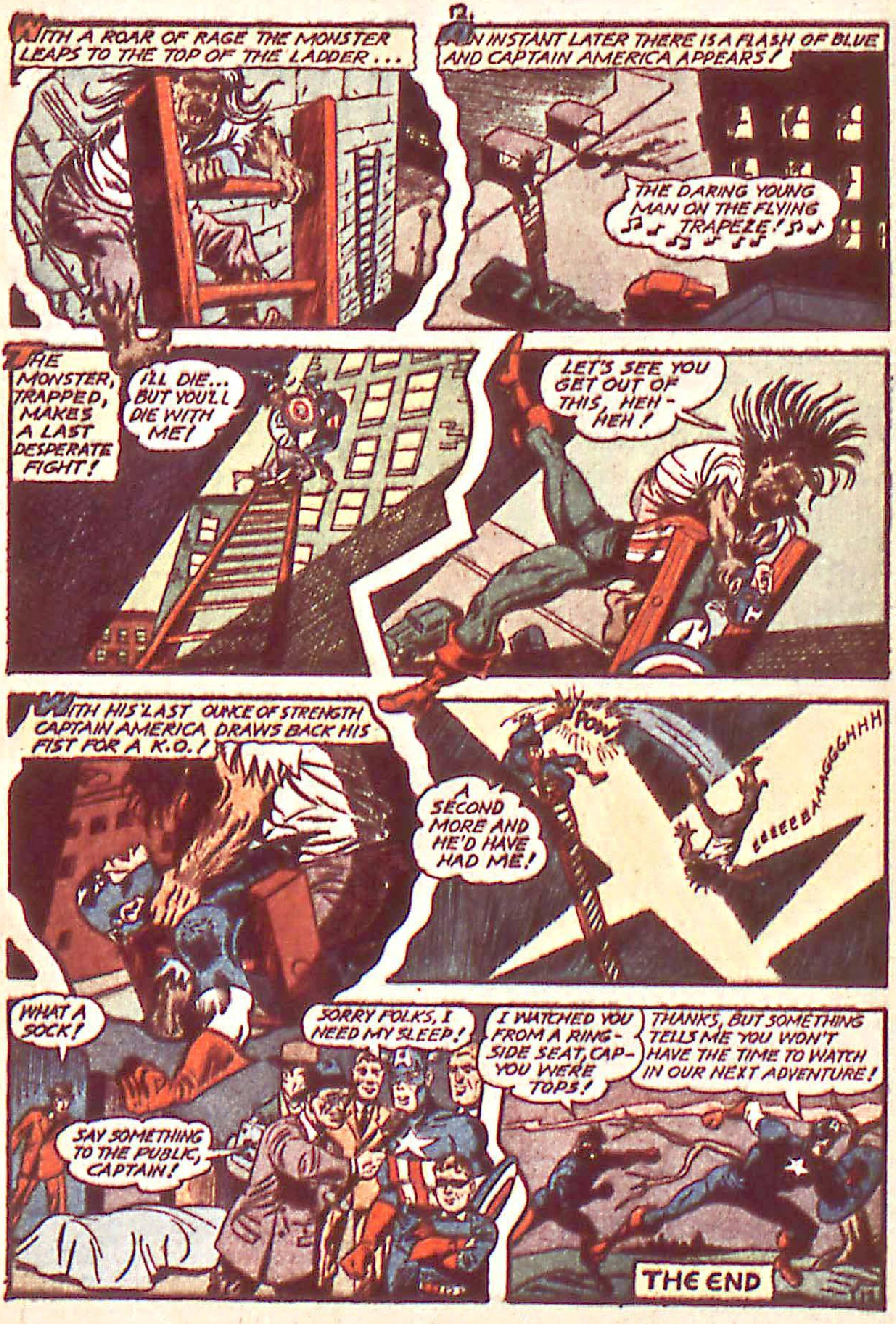

THAT WUZ JUST A LOVE TAP BUDDY!
LOOK OUT KID!
NO ONE CAN STOP KILLER KOLE!
WOAH!
WITH AN APE'S AMAZING SKILL THE MONSTER LEAPS TO THE TELEPHONE POLE AND ESCAPES!
I'M ONE OF THE THREE JUDGES WHO SENTENCED KILLER KOLE... WARN THE OTHERS— A-A-A-AH—
MEANWHILE... DR. WEIRDLER REPENTS HIS TERRIBLE DEED....
I NEVER DREAMED THIS WOULD HAPPEN... I MUST SEE CAPTAIN AMERICA!
I'M THE GUILTY ONE! I SUBSTITUTED THE BRAIN OF KILLER KOLE FOR THE GORILLA'S BRAIN!
SO THAT'S IT! QUICK! GET THE NEWSPAPER FILES ON THE TRIAL!
THE OLD NEWSPAPER PICTURE TELLS THE AWFUL TRUTH...
LY · STAR
KILLER KOLE SWEARS HE'LL KILL ALL THREE JUDGES WHO SENTENCED HIM TO DEATH!
SOCIETY
U.S. AIRP RAID
WHEN KILLER KOLE DIED THAT WAS THE LAST THOUGHT IN HIS BRAIN— AND NOW ALL THAT EVIL IS ALIVE AGAIN... WE'VE GOT TO SAVE THE OTHER TWO JUDGES!

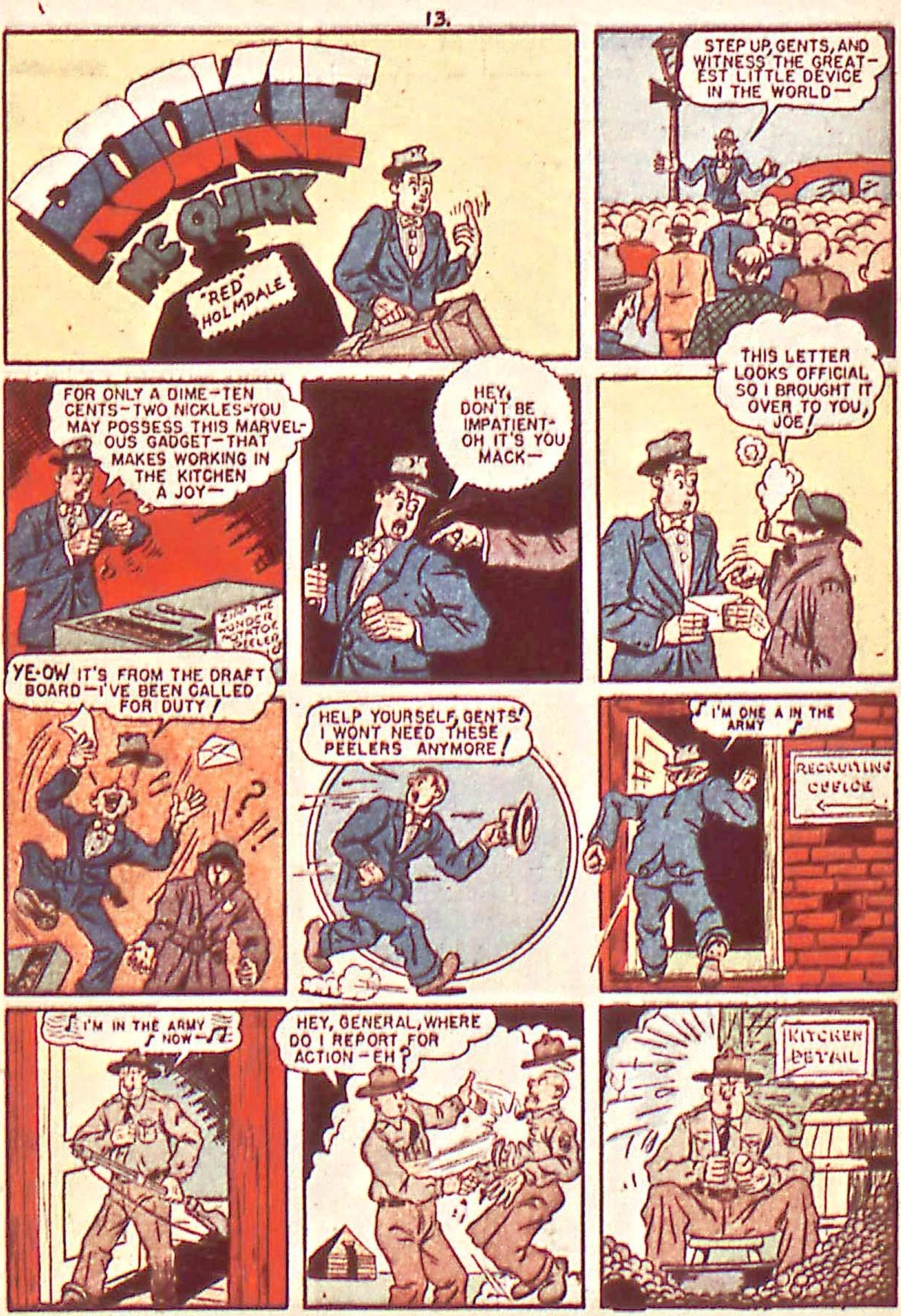

IN DR. WEIRDLER'S HOME...
I'M GOING TO HELP CAPTAIN AMERICA! MAYBE I CAN ATONE FOR MY CRIME!
JUDGE BASSET HOLDS COURT IN GENERAL SESSIONS...
CASE OF WILCOX VERSUS MUSSER!
SUDDENLY, THERE IS A TERRIFIC CRASH!
REMEMBER ME, JUDGE? KILLER KOLE?
B-BUT HE'S D-DEAD!
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!
IT'S THE MONSTER!
HELP!
THERE MAY STILL BE TIME, BUCKY!
SO YOU'RE STICKING YOUR NOSE IN AGAIN!
YEAH! SO WHAT?
BALL ONE!

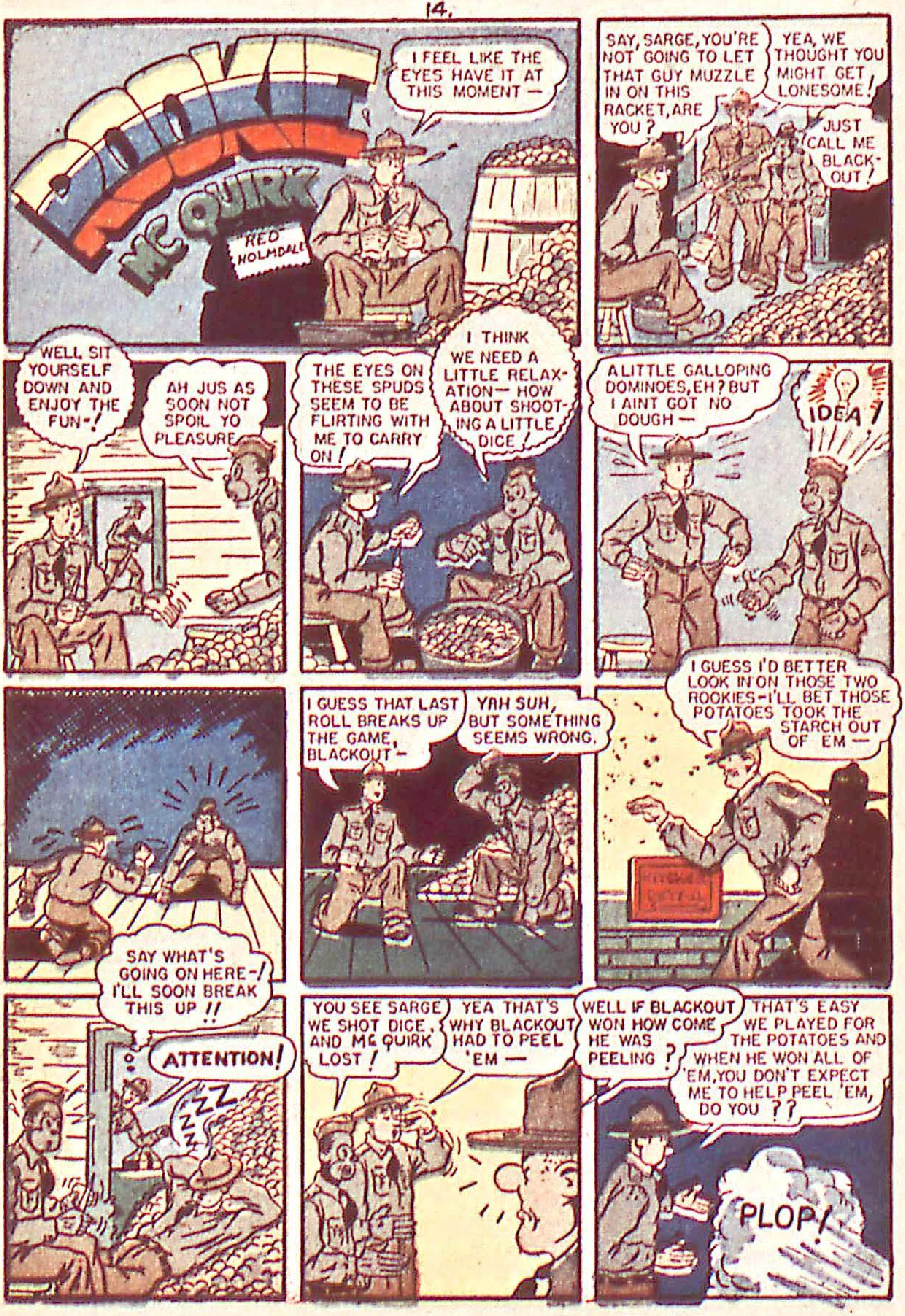

STRIKE ONE!
O.K. WISE GUYS! TRY THIS!
CRASH
WHAT HIT ME?
WE MUSTA RUN INTO A LOCOMOTIVE!
MUNICIPAL COURTS
NOW TO RUB OUT THE LAST JUDGE!
A-A-A GORILLA!
CAB DRIVER
THE CROWDS SCATTER IN TERROR AT THE SIGHT OF THE MONSTER AT THE CAB WHEEL!
IT'S THE MONSTER!
HELP!
POLICE!
WE'VE GOT TO GET TO JUDGE JOHNSON BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!
COURT ROOM

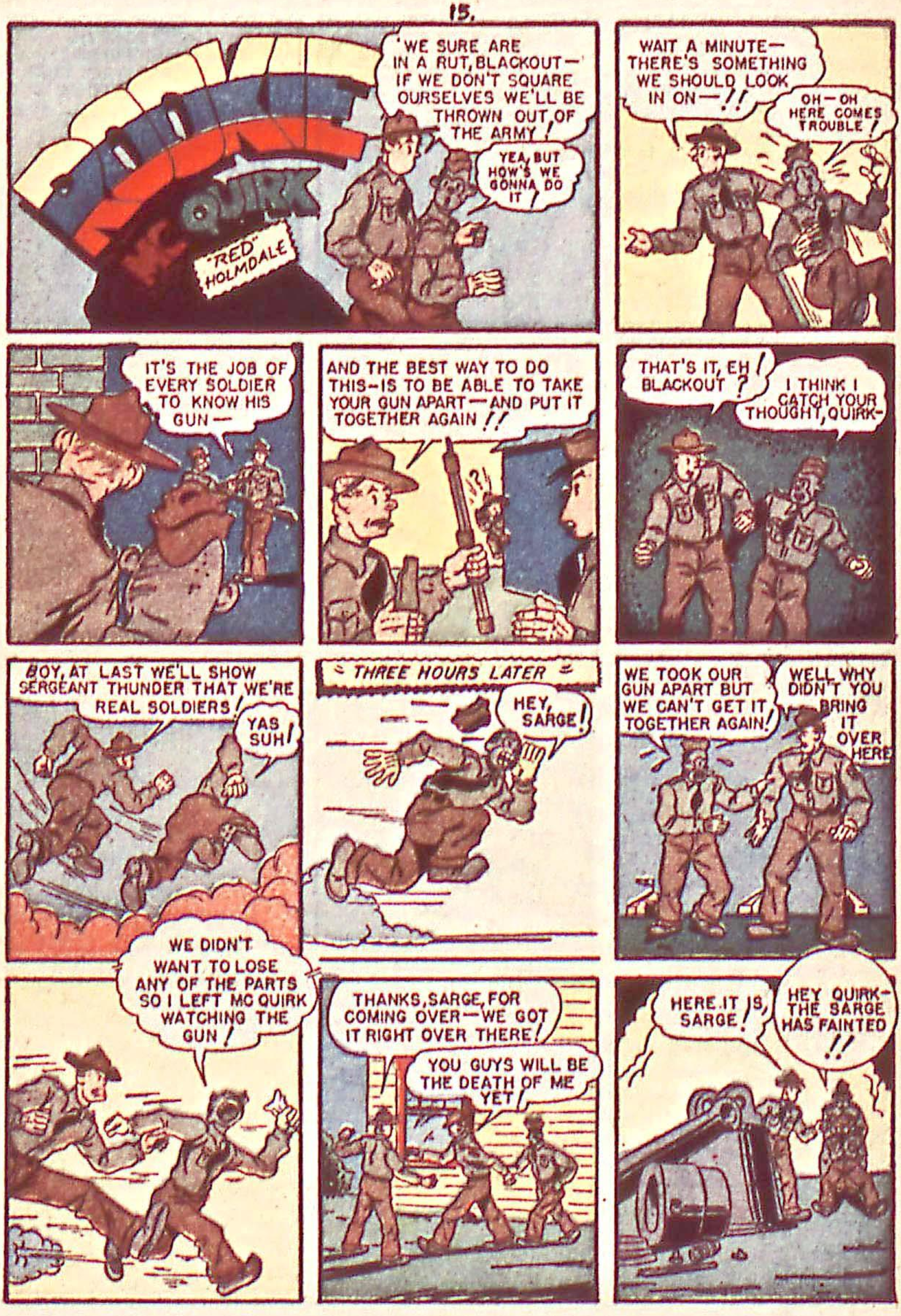

CALLING ALL CARS... PROCEED TO JUDGE JOHNSON'S HOUSE... KEEP YOUR GUNS DRAWN!
THE FIRE DEPT. IS ALSO SUMMONED TO THE SCENE!
RRRRAAAAARRRREEEEEEE...!
POLICE, FIREMEN AND FEARFUL CITIZENS GATHER TO CAPTURE THE MONSTER!
RRRAAAHHHHHAAA
GANGWAY FOLKS – WE'LL HANDLE THIS BABY!
YEAH! CAPTAIN AMERICA!
IT TOOK THE ELEVATOR! L-L-LIKE IT WUZ HUMAN!
LET ME IN! I MUST HELP CAPTAIN AMERICA!
HURRY, KID!
HELP! MURDER!
NO TIME FOR KNOCKING!
YAHOO!
10

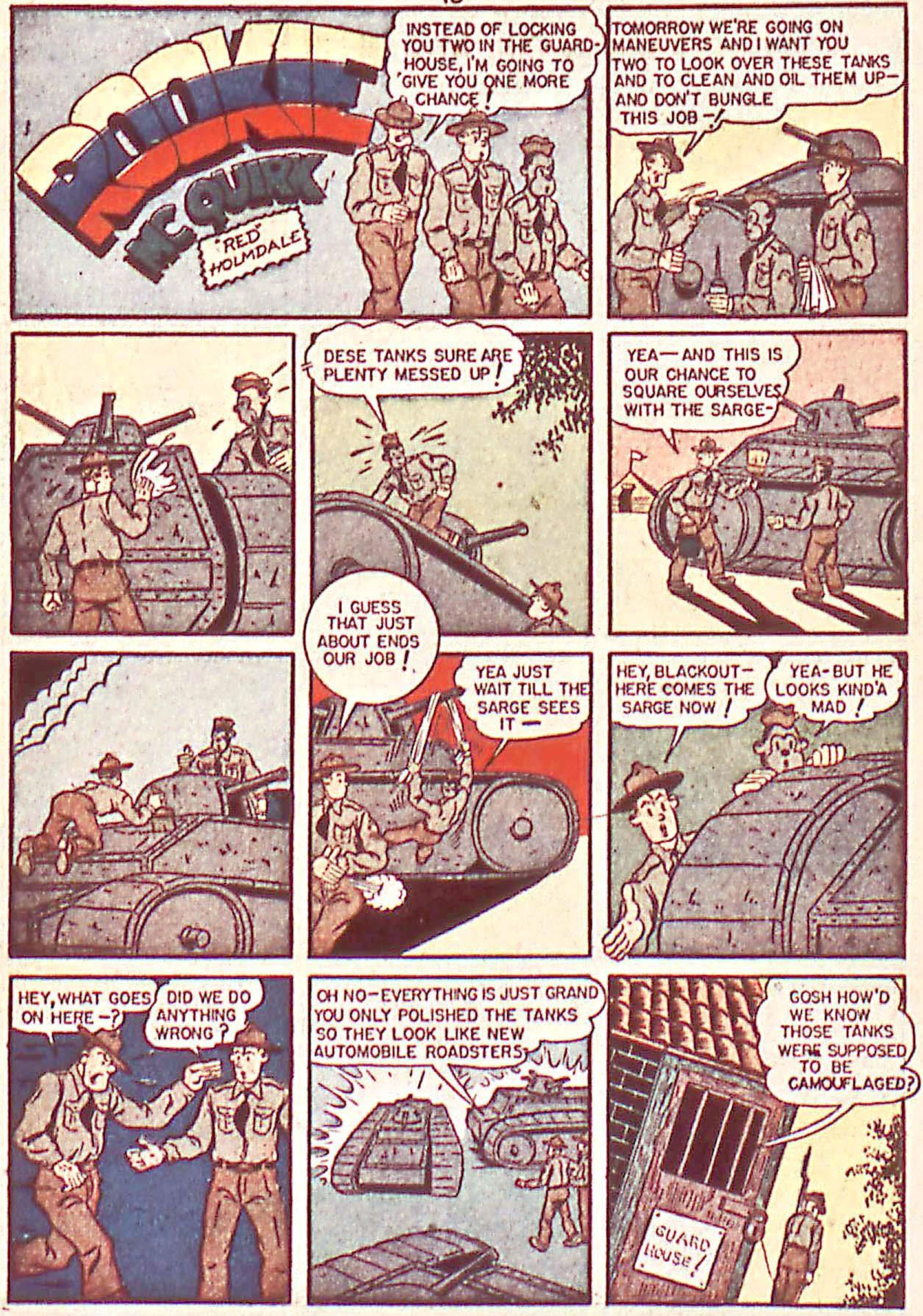

HA, HA, YOU'RE THE LAST!
NO! NO!
I'LL HANDLE THE UPPER STORY!
JUDGE JOHNSON IS RELEASED! WITH SUPER-HUMAN STRENGTH THE MONSTER FLINGS CAP AND BUCKY FROM HIM....
I'VE GOT HIM DOWN HERE!
OOPS! THIS IS GONNA TAKE MORE THAN ONE ROUND!
LOOKOUT, CAP! IT'S GOT A KNIFE!
THE MONSTER HURLS THE DEADLY KNIFE AT CAPTAIN AMERICA!
AT THAT MOMENT DR. WEIRDLER FLINGS HIMSELF IN THE PATH OF THE HISSING BLADE!
SWISH
AAAGGGH!
NOW I'VE PAID IN FULL FOR MY MISTAKE!
OUTSIDE... EXTENSION LADDERS SHOOT UP TOWARDS THE ROOF TOP.. SEARCH-LIGHTS PLAY ON THE SCENE....

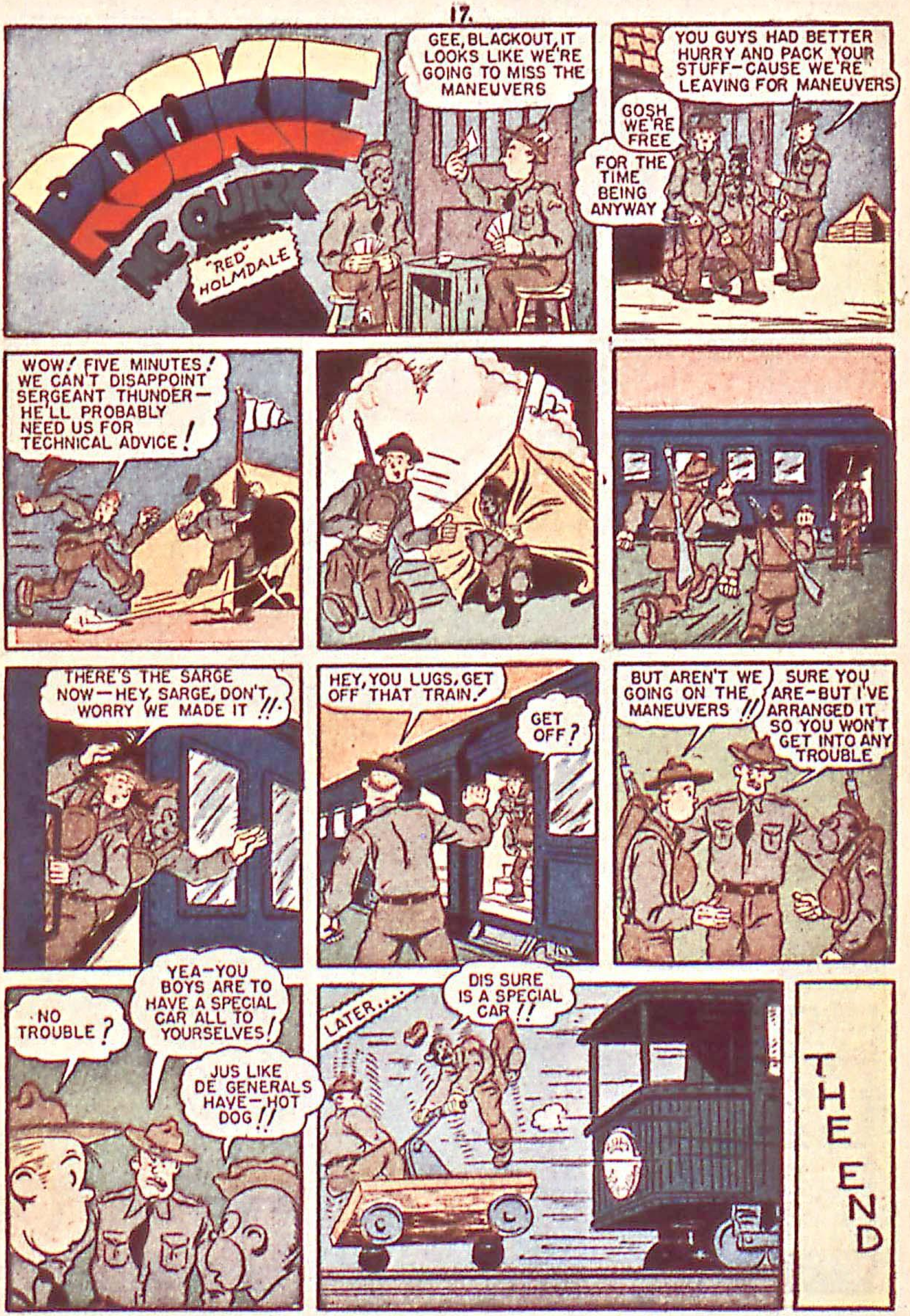

WITH A ROAR OF RAGE THE MONSTER LEAPS TO THE TOP OF THE LADDER . . .
AN INSTANT LATER THERE IS A FLASH OF BLUE AND CAPTAIN AMERICA APPEARS!
THE DARING YOUNG MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE! ♫♪ ♫♪ ♫♪ ♫♪
THE MONSTER, TRAPPED, MAKES A LAST DESPERATE FIGHT!
I'LL DIE... BUT YOU'LL DIE WITH ME!
LET'S SEE YOU GET OUT OF THIS, HEH-HEH!
WITH HIS LAST OUNCE OF STRENGTH CAPTAIN AMERICA DRAWS BACK HIS FIST FOR A K.O.!
POW
AAAGGGHHH
EEEEEEAAAGGGHHH
A SECOND MORE AND HE'D HAVE HAD ME!
WHAT A SOCK!
SORRY FOLKS, I NEED MY SLEEP!
SAY SOMETHING TO THE PUBLIC, CAPTAIN!
I WATCHED YOU FROM A RING-SIDE SEAT, CAP-YOU WERE TOPS!
THANKS, BUT SOMETHING TELLS ME YOU WON'T HAVE THE TIME TO WATCH IN OUR NEXT ADVENTURE!
THE END

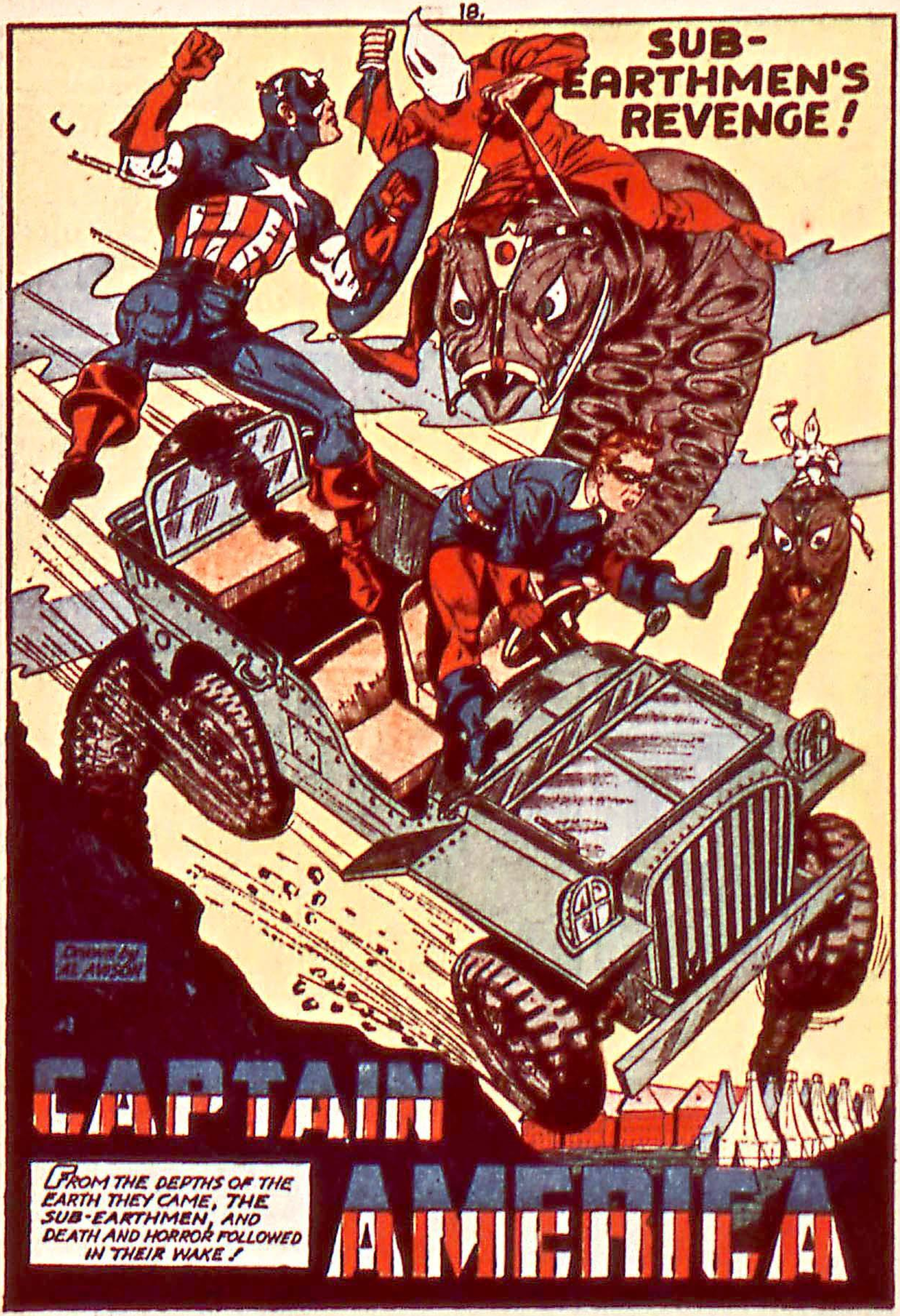

ROOKIE MC QUIRK
"RED" HOLMDALE
STEP UP, GENTS, AND WITNESS THE GREATEST LITTLE DEVICE IN THE WORLD—
FOR ONLY A DIME—TEN CENTS—TWO NICKLES—YOU MAY POSSESS THIS MARVELOUS GADGET—THAT MAKES WORKING IN THE KITCHEN A JOY—
ZING THE WONDER POTATOE PEELER 10
HEY, DON'T BE IMPATIENT—OH IT'S YOU MACK—
THIS LETTER LOOKS OFFICIAL SO I BROUGHT IT OVER TO YOU, JOE!
YE-OW IT'S FROM THE DRAFT BOARD—I'VE BEEN CALLED FOR DUTY!
HELP YOURSELF, GENTS! I WONT NEED THESE PEELERS ANYMORE!
♪ I'M ONE A IN THE ARMY ♪
RECRUITING OFFICE
♪ I'M IN THE ARMY ♪ NOW—♫
HEY, GENERAL, WHERE DO I REPORT FOR ACTION—EH?
KITCHEN DETAIL

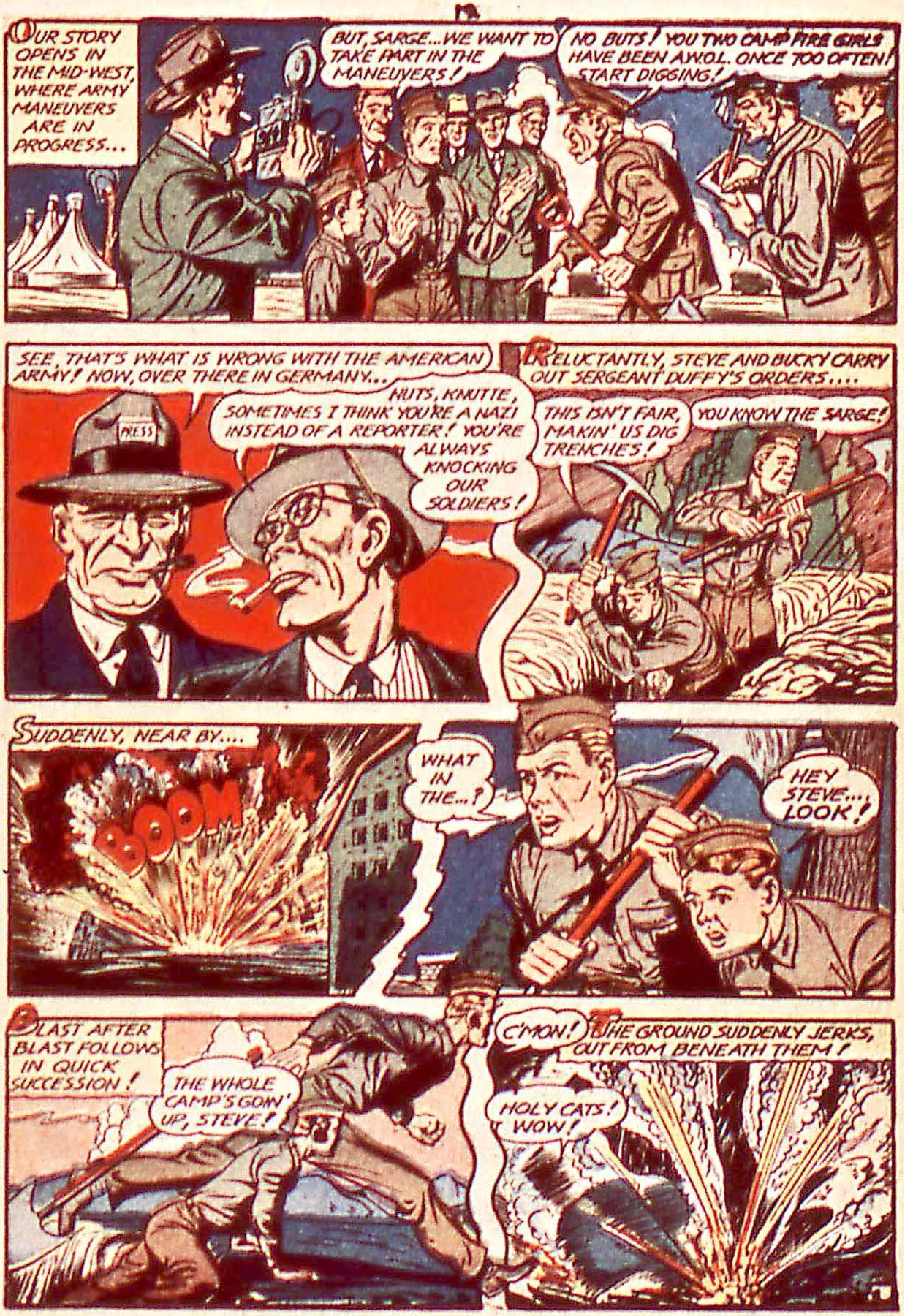

ROOKIE
McQUIRK
"RED HOLMDALE"
I FEEL LIKE THE EYES HAVE IT AT THIS MOMENT —
SAY, SARGE, YOU'RE NOT GOING TO LET THAT GUY MUZZLE IN ON THIS RACKET, ARE YOU ?
YEA, WE THOUGHT YOU MIGHT GET LONESOME !
JUST CALL ME BLACK-OUT !
WELL SIT YOURSELF DOWN AND ENJOY THE FUN-!
AH JUS AS SOON NOT SPOIL YO PLEASURE
THE EYES ON THESE SPUDS SEEM TO BE FLIRTING WITH ME TO CARRY ON !
I THINK WE NEED A LITTLE RELAXATION— HOW ABOUT SHOOTING A LITTLE DICE !
A LITTLE GALLOPING DOMINOES, EH? BUT I AINT GOT NO DOUGH —
IDEA !
I GUESS THAT LAST ROLL BREAKS UP THE GAME, BLACKOUT—
YAH SUH, BUT SOMETHING SEEMS WRONG.
I GUESS I'D BETTER LOOK IN ON THOSE TWO ROOKIES—I'LL BET THOSE POTATOES TOOK THE STARCH OUT OF EM —
SAY WHAT'S GOING ON HERE-! I'LL SOON BREAK THIS UP !!
ATTENTION!
ZZZ
YOU SEE SARGE WE SHOT DICE, AND McQUIRK LOST !
YEA THAT'S WHY BLACKOUT HAD TO PEEL 'EM —
WELL IF BLACKOUT WON HOW COME HE WAS PEELING ?
THAT'S EASY WE PLAYED FOR THE POTATOES AND WHEN HE WON ALL OF 'EM, YOU DON'T EXPECT ME TO HELP PEEL 'EM, DO YOU ??
PLOP!

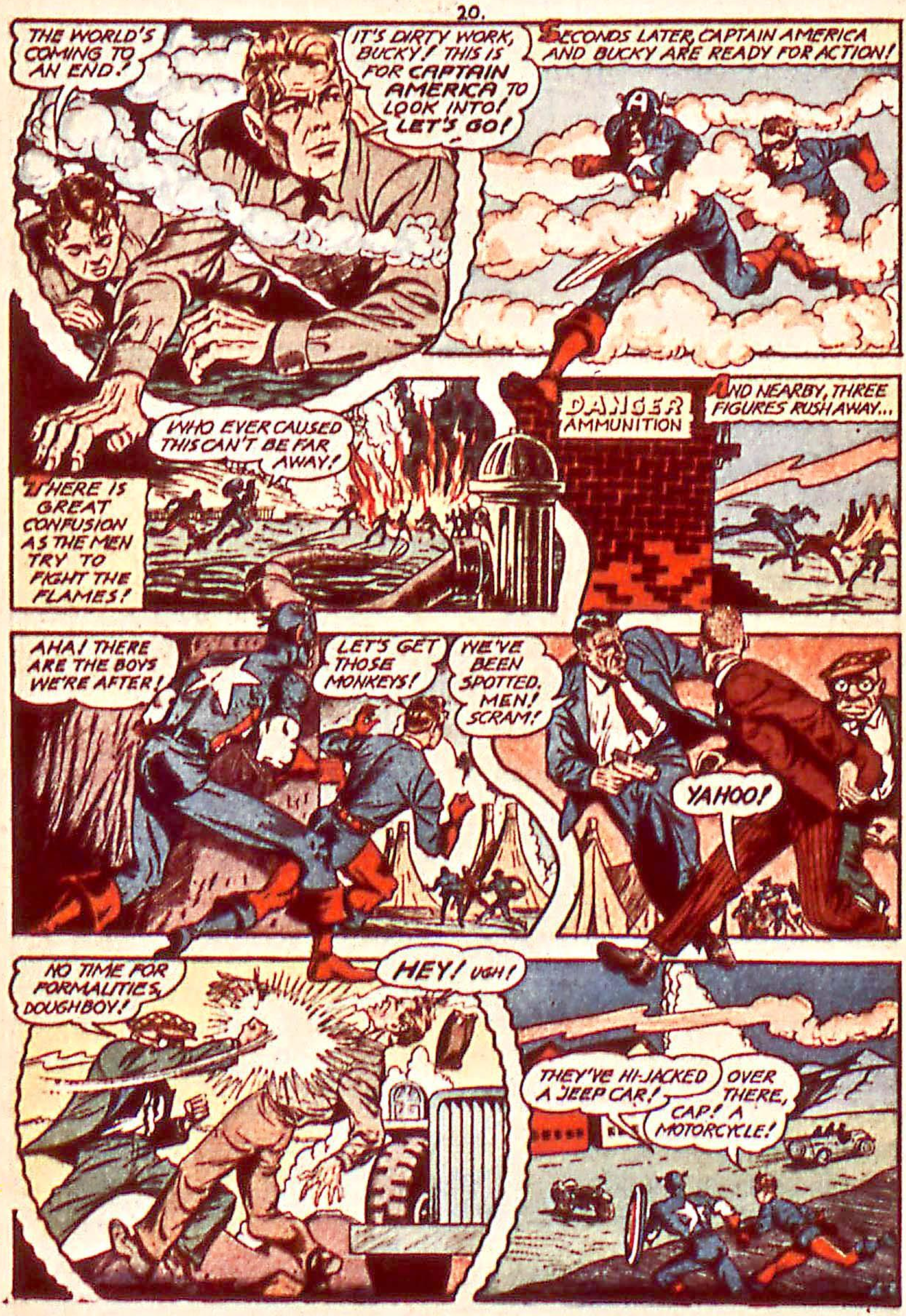

QUIRK
"RED" HOLMDALE
WE SURE ARE IN A RUT, BLACKOUT— IF WE DON'T SQUARE OURSELVES WE'LL BE THROWN OUT OF THE ARMY!
YEA, BUT HOW'S WE GONNA DO IT?
WAIT A MINUTE— THERE'S SOMETHING WE SHOULD LOOK IN ON—!!
OH—OH HERE COMES TROUBLE!
IT'S THE JOB OF EVERY SOLDIER TO KNOW HIS GUN—
AND THE BEST WAY TO DO THIS—IS TO BE ABLE TO TAKE YOUR GUN APART—AND PUT IT TOGETHER AGAIN!!
?!
THAT'S IT, EH! BLACKOUT?
I THINK I CATCH YOUR THOUGHT, QUIRK-
BOY, AT LAST WE'LL SHOW SERGEANT THUNDER THAT WE'RE REAL SOLDIERS!
YAS SUH!
THREE HOURS LATER
HEY, SARGE!
WE TOOK OUR GUN APART BUT WE CAN'T GET IT TOGETHER AGAIN!
WELL WHY DIDN'T YOU BRING IT OVER HERE
WE DIDN'T WANT TO LOSE ANY OF THE PARTS SO I LEFT MC QUIRK WATCHING THE GUN!
THANKS, SARGE, FOR COMING OVER—WE GOT IT RIGHT OVER THERE!
YOU GUYS WILL BE THE DEATH OF ME YET!
HERE IT IS, SARGE!
HEY QUIRK- THE SARGE HAS FAINTED !!

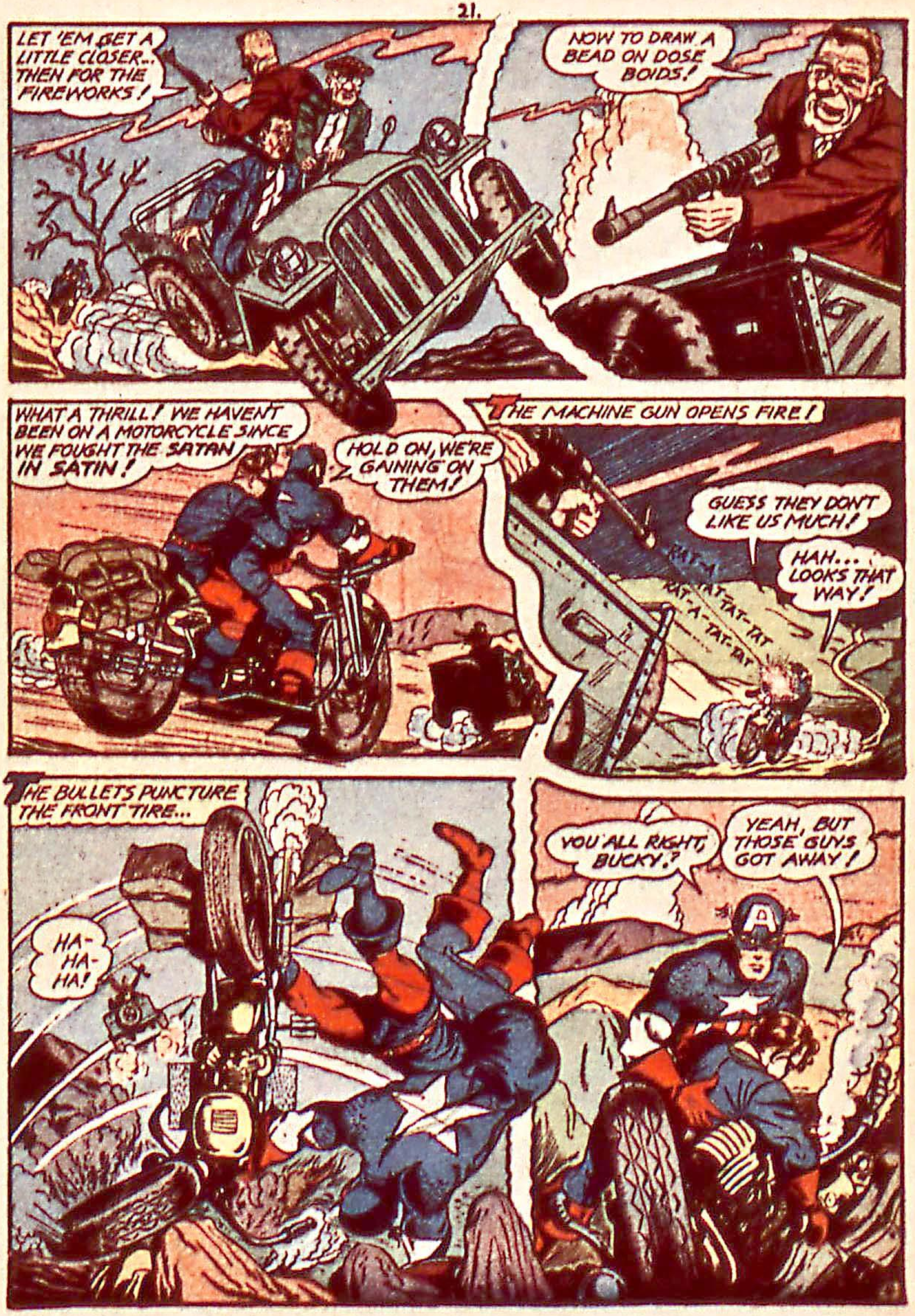

ROOKIE McQUIRK
"RED" HOLMDALE
INSTEAD OF LOCKING YOU TWO IN THE GUARD-HOUSE, I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU ONE MORE CHANCE!
TOMORROW WE'RE GOING ON MANEUVERS AND I WANT YOU TWO TO LOOK OVER THESE TANKS AND TO CLEAN AND OIL THEM UP— AND DON'T BUNGLE THIS JOB—!
DESE TANKS SURE ARE PLENTY MESSED UP!
YEA— AND THIS IS OUR CHANCE TO SQUARE OURSELVES WITH THE SARGE-
I GUESS THAT JUST ABOUT ENDS OUR JOB!
YEA JUST WAIT TILL THE SARGE SEES IT—
HEY, BLACKOUT— HERE COMES THE SARGE NOW!
YEA-BUT HE LOOKS KIND'A MAD!
HEY, WHAT GOES ON HERE—?
DID WE DO ANYTHING WRONG?
OH NO—EVERYTHING IS JUST GRAND YOU ONLY POLISHED THE TANKS SO THEY LOOK LIKE NEW AUTOMOBILE ROADSTERS-
GOSH HOW'D WE KNOW THOSE TANKS WERE SUPPOSED TO BE CAMOUFLAGED?
GUARD HOUSE!

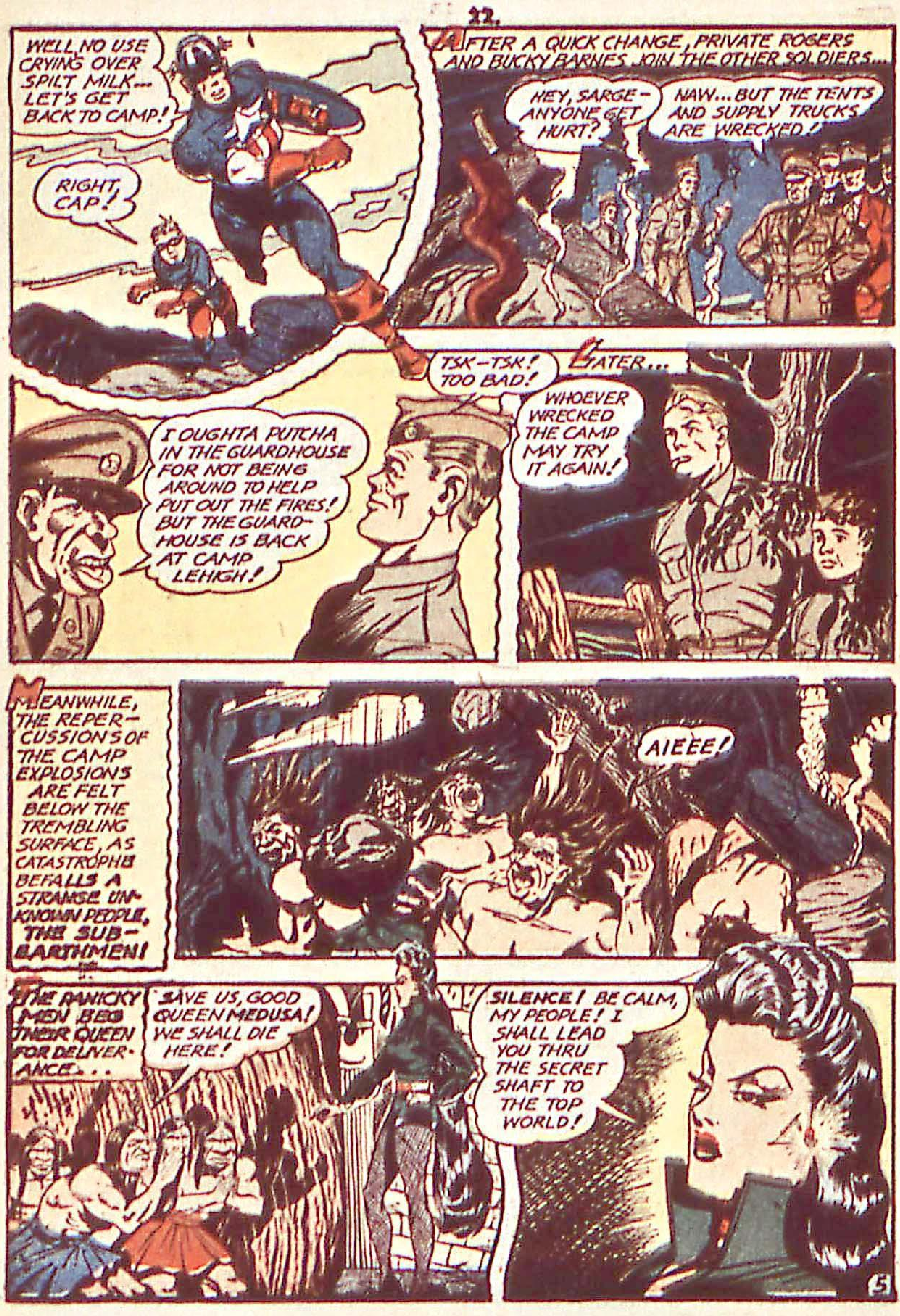

ROOKIE
McQUIRK
"RED" HOLMDALE
GEE, BLACKOUT, IT LOOKS LIKE WE'RE GOING TO MISS THE MANEUVERS
YOU GUYS HAD BETTER HURRY AND PACK YOUR STUFF—CAUSE WE'RE LEAVING FOR MANEUVERS
GOSH WE'RE FREE
FOR THE TIME BEING ANYWAY
WOW! FIVE MINUTES! WE CAN'T DISAPPOINT SERGEANT THUNDER—HE'LL PROBABLY NEED US FOR TECHNICAL ADVICE!
THERE'S THE SARGE NOW—HEY, SARGE, DON'T WORRY WE MADE IT !!
HEY, YOU LUGS, GET OFF THAT TRAIN!
GET OFF?
BUT AREN'T WE GOING ON THE MANEUVERS !!
SURE YOU ARE—BUT I'VE ARRANGED IT SO YOU WON'T GET INTO ANY TROUBLE
NO TROUBLE?
YEA—YOU BOYS ARE TO HAVE A SPECIAL CAR ALL TO YOURSELVES!
JUS LIKE DE GENERALS HAVE—HOT DOG!!
LATER....
DIS SURE IS A SPECIAL CAR!!
THE END

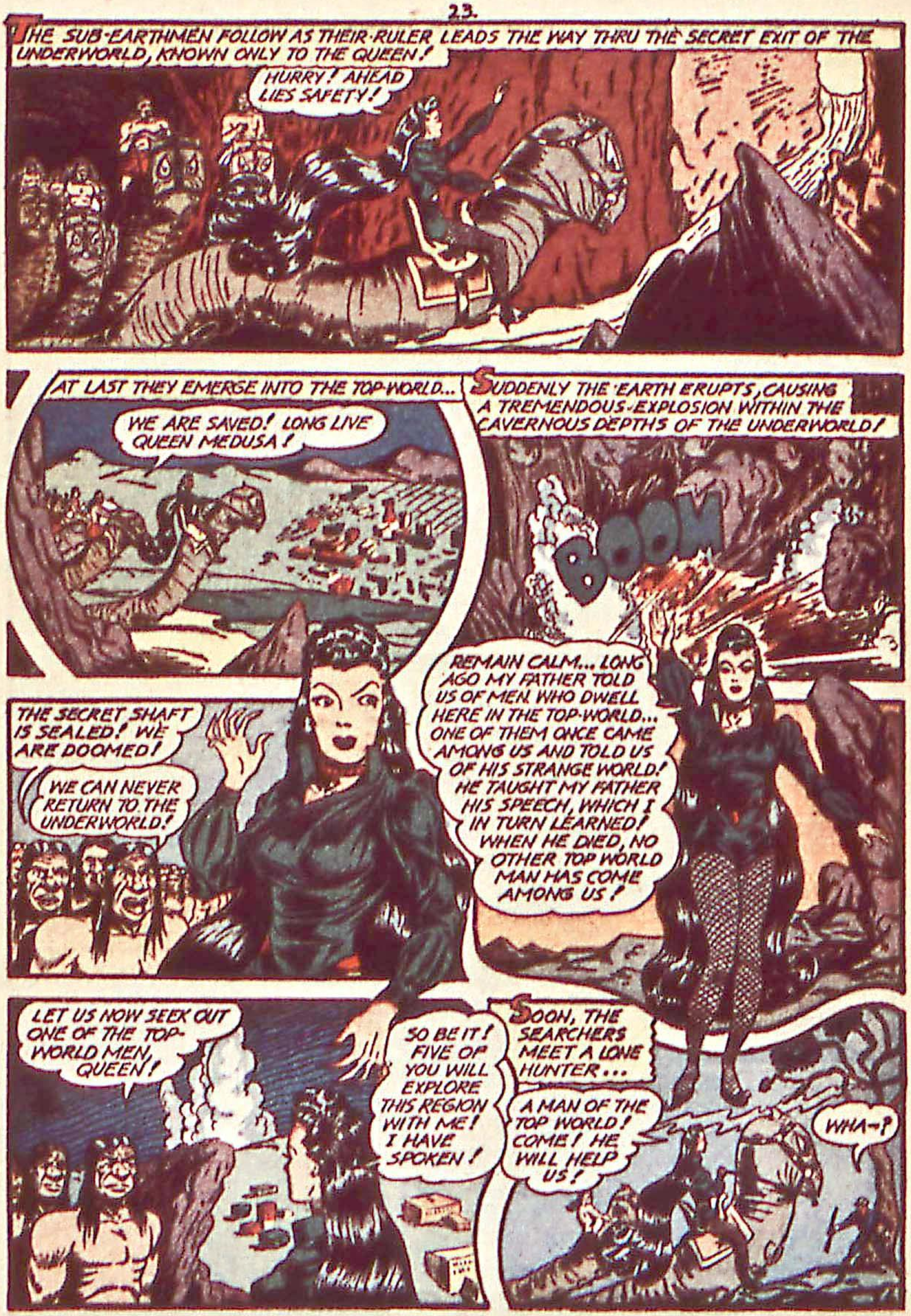

SUB-EARTHMEN'S REVENGE!
Drawn by AL AVISON
CAPTAIN AMERICA
FROM THE DEPTHS OF THE EARTH THEY CAME, THE SUB-EARTHMEN, AND DEATH AND HORROR FOLLOWED IN THEIR WAKE!

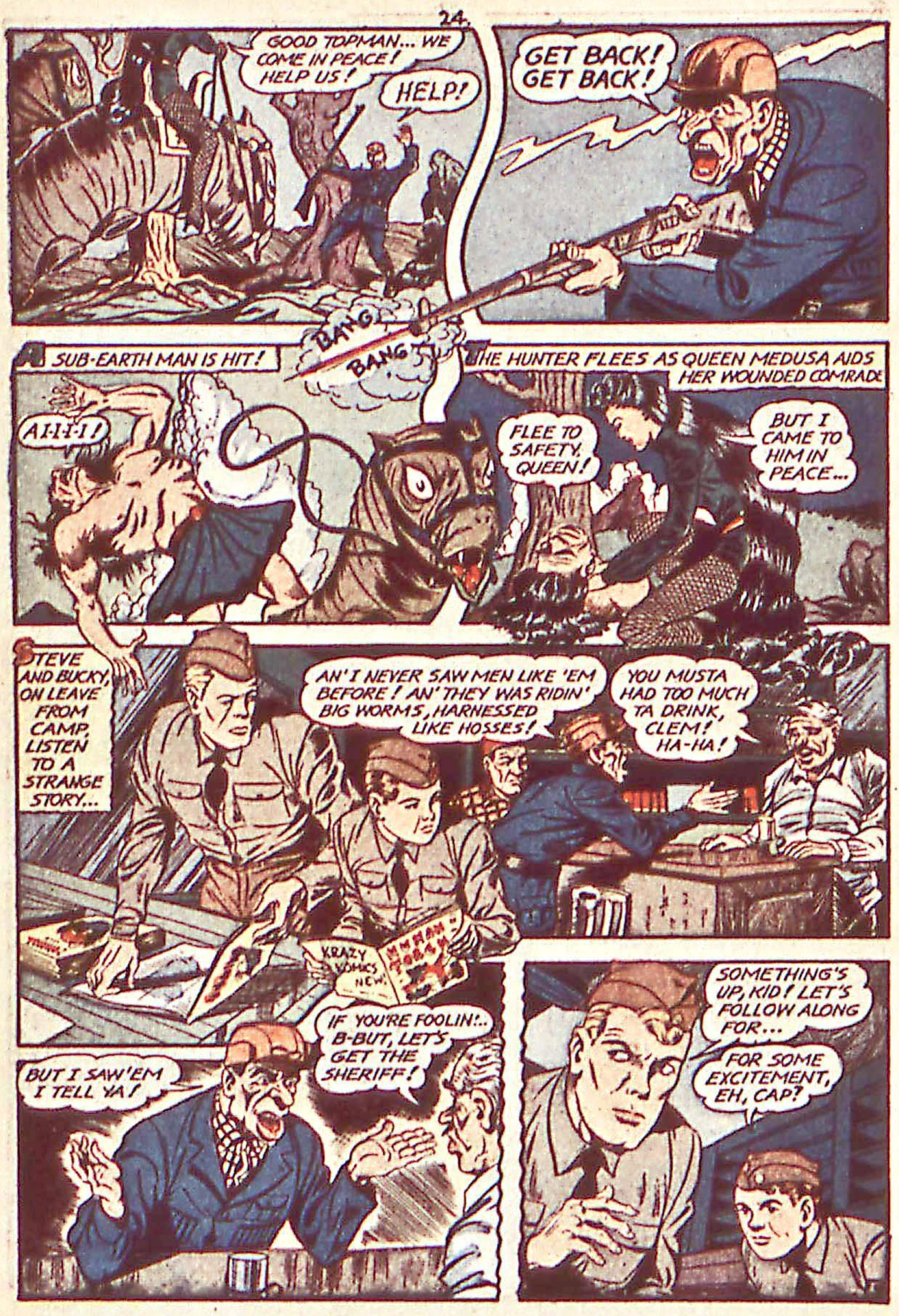

OUR STORY OPENS IN THE MID-WEST, WHERE ARMY MANEUVERS ARE IN PROGRESS...
BUT, SARGE...WE WANT TO TAKE PART IN THE MANEUVERS!
NO BUTS! YOU TWO CAMP FIRE GIRLS HAVE BEEN A.W.O.L. ONCE TOO OFTEN! START DIGGING!
SEE, THAT'S WHAT IS WRONG WITH THE AMERICAN ARMY! NOW, OVER THERE IN GERMANY...
PRESS
NUTS, KNUTE, SOMETIMES I THINK YOU'RE A NAZI INSTEAD OF A REPORTER! YOU'RE ALWAYS KNOCKING OUR SOLDIERS!
RELUCTANTLY, STEVE AND BUCKY CARRY OUT SERGEANT DUFFY'S ORDERS....
THIS ISN'T FAIR, MAKIN' US DIG TRENCHES!
YOU KNOW THE SARGE!
SUDDENLY, NEAR BY....
BOOM
WHAT IN THE...?
HEY STEVE.... LOOK!
BLAST AFTER BLAST FOLLOWS IN QUICK SUCCESSION!
THE WHOLE CAMP'S GOIN' UP, STEVE!
C'MON!
THE GROUND SUDDENLY JERKS, OUT FROM BENEATH THEM!
HOLY CATS! WOW!

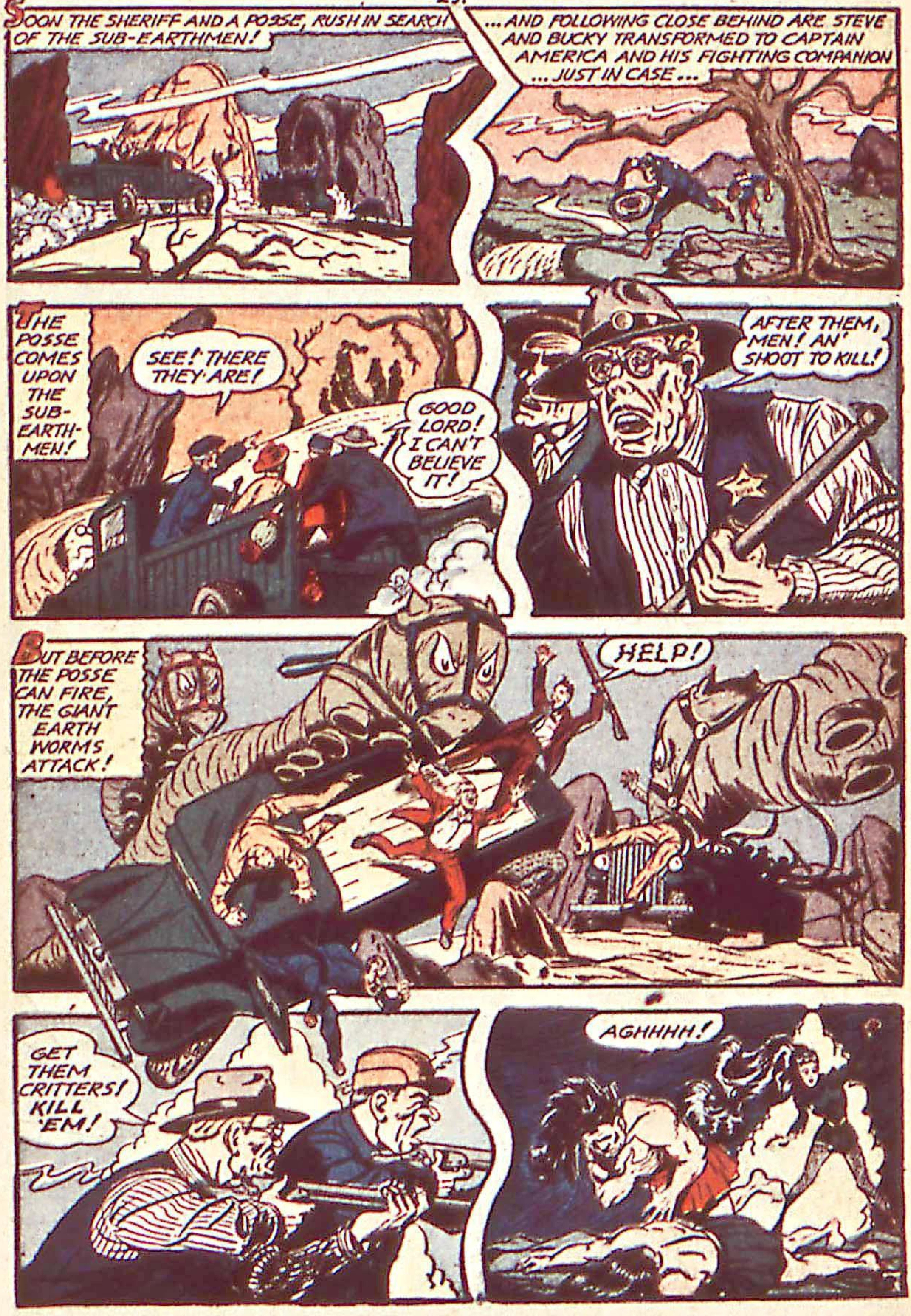

THE WORLD'S COMING TO AN END!
IT'S DIRTY WORK, BUCKY! THIS IS FOR CAPTAIN AMERICA TO LOOK INTO! LET'S GO!
SECONDS LATER, CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY ARE READY FOR ACTION!
THERE IS GREAT CONFUSION AS THE MEN TRY TO FIGHT THE FLAMES!
WHO EVER CAUSED THIS CAN'T BE FAR AWAY!
DANGER AMMUNITION
AND NEARBY, THREE FIGURES RUSH AWAY...
AHA! THERE ARE THE BOYS WE'RE AFTER!
LET'S GET THOSE MONKEYS!
WE'VE BEEN SPOTTED, MEN! SCRAM!
YAHOO!
NO TIME FOR FORMALITIES, DOUGHBOY!
HEY! UGH!
THEY'VE HI-JACKED A JEEP CAR!
OVER THERE, CAP! A MOTORCYCLE!

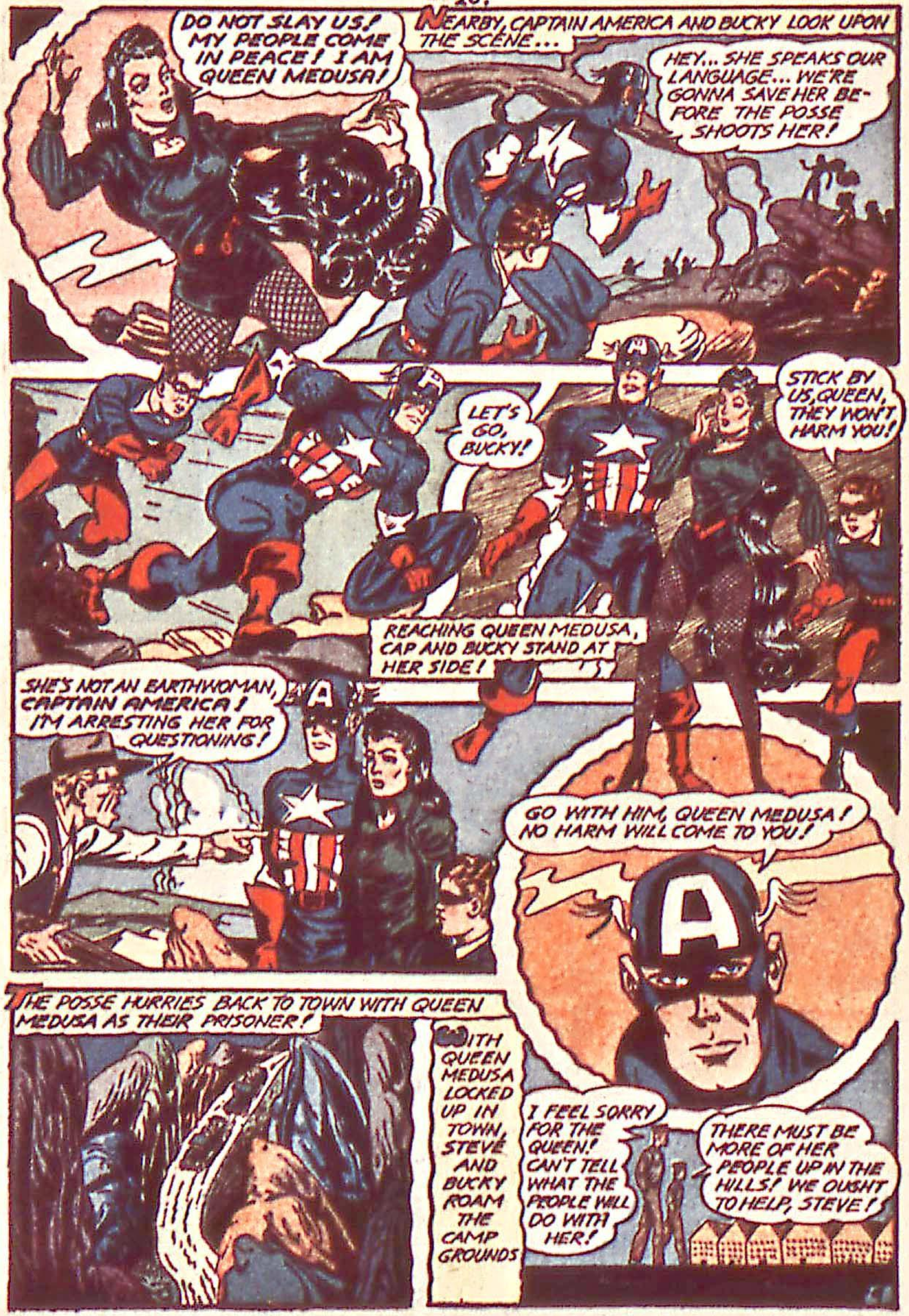

LET 'EM GET A LITTLE CLOSER.. THEN FOR THE FIREWORKS!
NOW TO DRAW A BEAD ON DOSE BOIDS!
WHAT A THRILL! WE HAVEN'T BEEN ON A MOTORCYCLE SINCE WE FOUGHT THE SATAN IN SATIN!
HOLD ON, WE'RE GAINING ON THEM!
THE MACHINE GUN OPENS FIRE!
GUESS THEY DON'T LIKE US MUCH!
HAH... LOOKS THAT WAY!
RAT-A-TAT-TAT-TAT
RAT-A-TAT-TAT
THE BULLETS PUNCTURE THE FRONT TIRE...
HA-HA-HA!
YOU ALL RIGHT, BUCKY?
YEAH, BUT THOSE GUYS GOT AWAY!

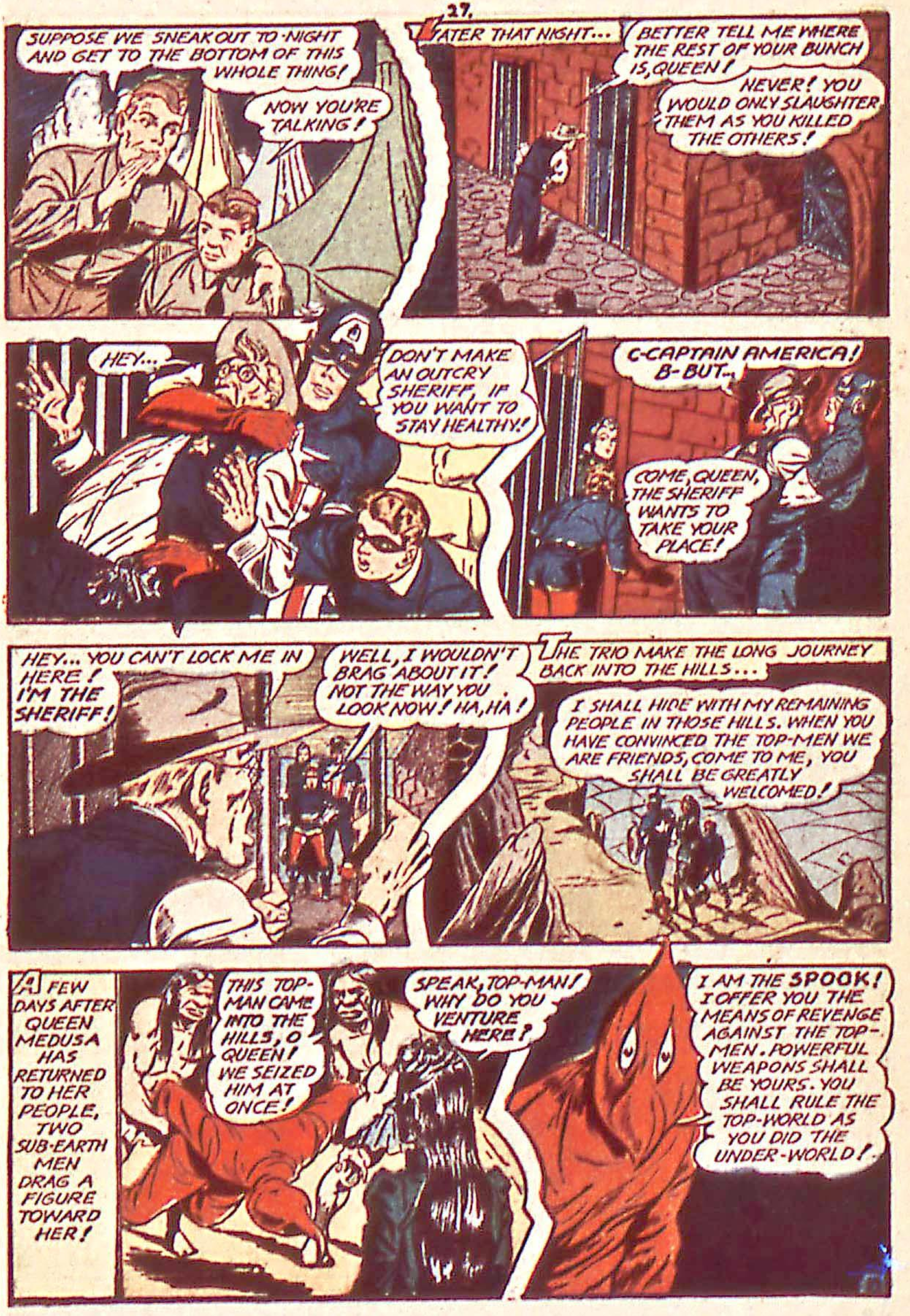

WELL, NO USE CRYING OVER SPILT MILK... LET'S GET BACK TO CAMP!
RIGHT, CAP!
AFTER A QUICK CHANGE, PRIVATE ROGERS AND BUCKY BARNES JOIN THE OTHER SOLDIERS...
HEY, SARGE - ANYONE GET HURT?
NAW... BUT THE TENTS AND SUPPLY TRUCKS ARE WRECKED!
I OUGHTA PUTCHA IN THE GUARDHOUSE FOR NOT BEING AROUND TO HELP PUT OUT THE FIRES! BUT THE GUARDHOUSE IS BACK AT CAMP LEHIGH!
TSK-TSK! TOO BAD!
LATER...
WHOEVER WRECKED THE CAMP MAY TRY IT AGAIN!
MEANWHILE, THE REPERCUSSIONS OF THE CAMP EXPLOSIONS ARE FELT BELOW THE TREMBLING SURFACE, AS CATASTROPHE BEFALLS A STRANGE UNKNOWN PEOPLE, THE SUB-EARTHMEN!
AIEEE!
THE PANICKY MEN BEG THEIR QUEEN FOR DELIVERANCE...
SAVE US, GOOD QUEEN MEDUSA! WE SHALL DIE HERE!
SILENCE! BE CALM, MY PEOPLE! I SHALL LEAD YOU THRU THE SECRET SHAFT TO THE TOP WORLD!
5

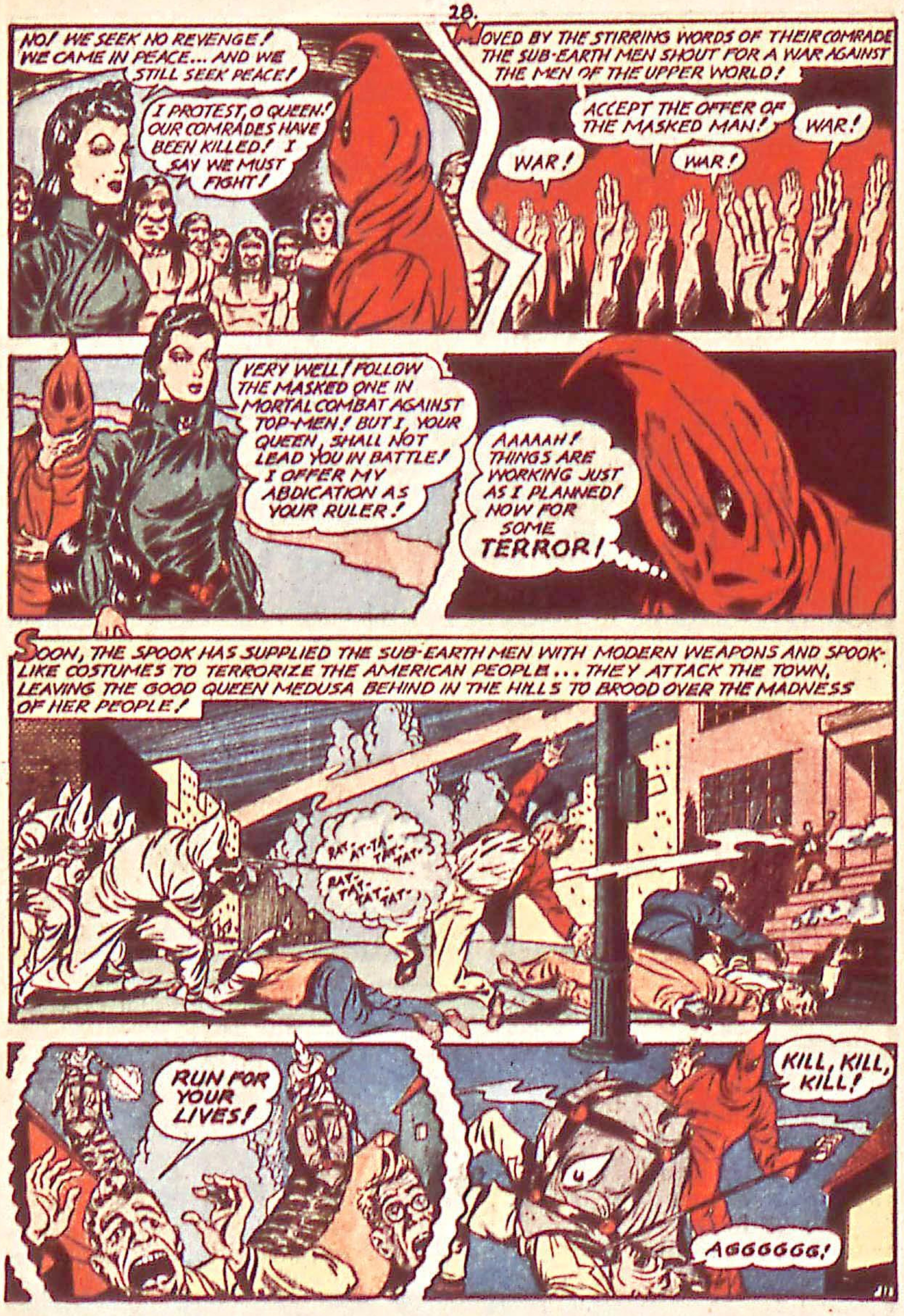

THE SUB-EARTHMEN FOLLOW AS THEIR RULER LEADS THE WAY THRU THE SECRET EXIT OF THE UNDERWORLD, KNOWN ONLY TO THE QUEEN!
HURRY! AHEAD LIES SAFETY!
AT LAST THEY EMERGE INTO THE TOP-WORLD...
WE ARE SAVED! LONG LIVE QUEEN MEDUSA!
SUDDENLY THE EARTH ERUPTS, CAUSING A TREMENDOUS EXPLOSION WITHIN THE CAVERNOUS DEPTHS OF THE UNDERWORLD!
BOOM
THE SECRET SHAFT IS SEALED! WE ARE DOOMED!
WE CAN NEVER RETURN TO THE UNDERWORLD!
REMAIN CALM... LONG AGO MY FATHER TOLD US OF MEN WHO DWELL HERE IN THE TOP-WORLD... ONE OF THEM ONCE CAME AMONG US AND TOLD US OF HIS STRANGE WORLD! HE TAUGHT MY FATHER HIS SPEECH, WHICH I IN TURN LEARNED! WHEN HE DIED, NO OTHER TOP WORLD MAN HAS COME AMONG US!
LET US NOW SEEK OUT ONE OF THE TOP-WORLD MEN, QUEEN!
SO BE IT! FIVE OF YOU WILL EXPLORE THIS REGION WITH ME! I HAVE SPOKEN!
SOON, THE SEARCHERS MEET A LONE HUNTER...
A MAN OF THE TOP WORLD! COME! HE WILL HELP US!
WHA-?

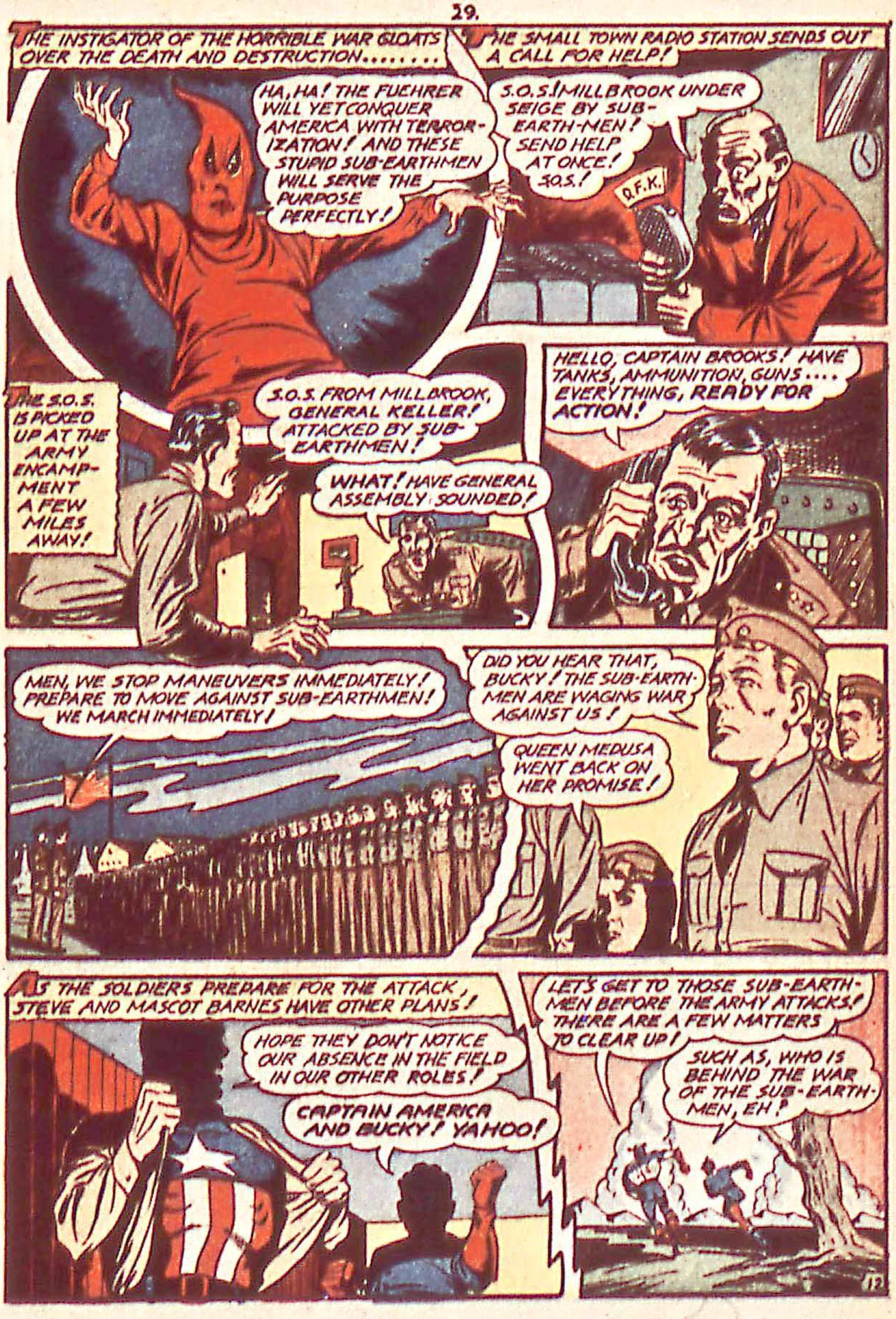

GOOD TOPMAN... WE COME IN PEACE! HELP US!
HELP!
GET BACK! GET BACK!
BANG
BANG
A SUB-EARTH MAN IS HIT!
AI-I-I-I!
THE HUNTER FLEES AS QUEEN MEDUSA AIDS HER WOUNDED COMRADE
FLEE TO SAFETY, QUEEN!
BUT I CAME TO HIM IN PEACE...
STEVE AND BUCKY, ON LEAVE FROM CAMP, LISTEN TO A STRANGE STORY...
AN' I NEVER SAW MEN LIKE 'EM BEFORE! AN' THEY WAS RIDIN' BIG WORMS, HARNESSED LIKE HOSSES!
YOU MUSTA HAD TOO MUCH TA DRINK, CLEM! HA-HA!
KRAZY KOMICS NEW!
BUT I SAW 'EM I TELL YA!
IF YOU'RE FOOLIN'.. B-BUT, LET'S GET THE SHERIFF!
SOMETHING'S UP, KID! LET'S FOLLOW ALONG FOR...
FOR SOME EXCITEMENT, EH, CAP?

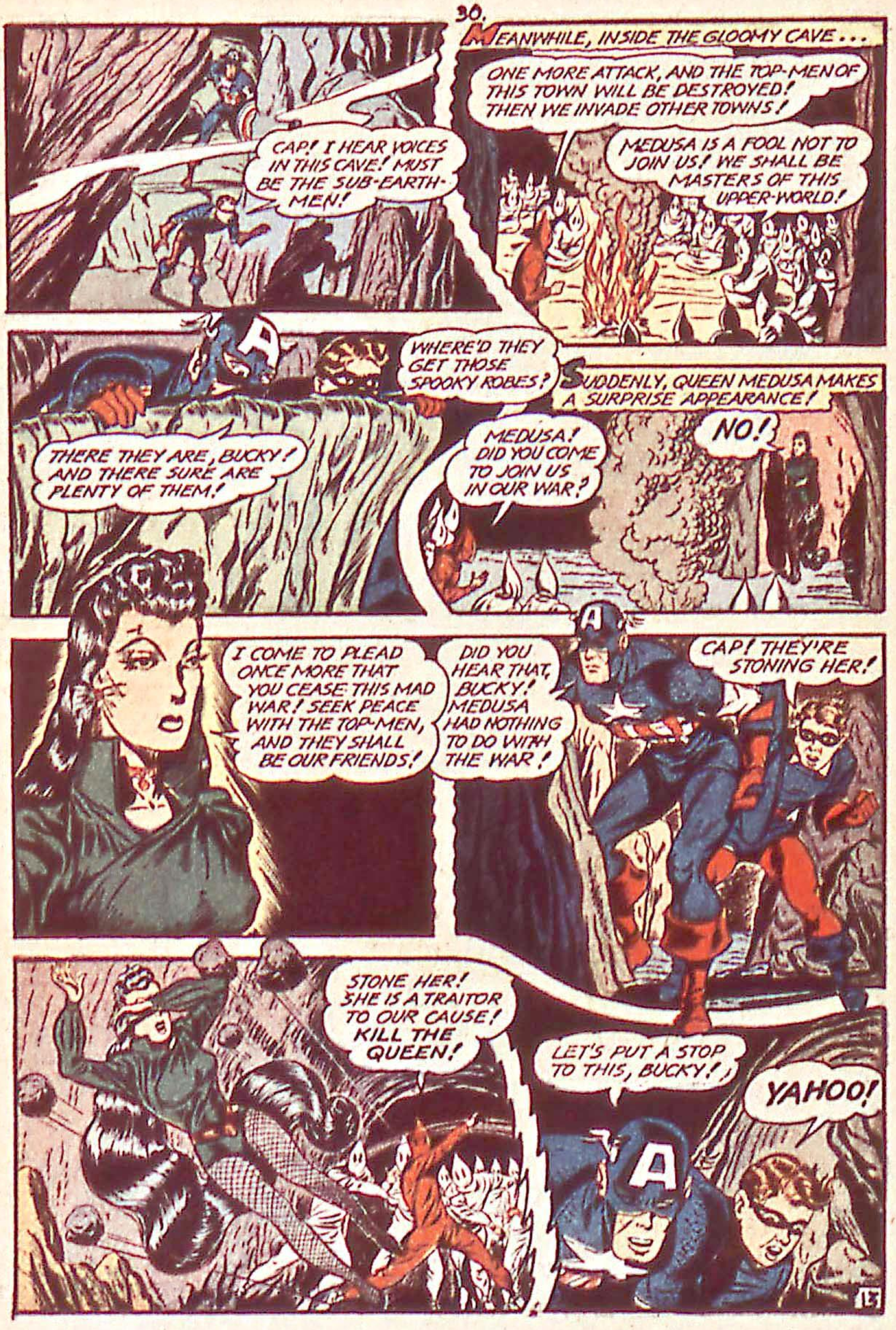

SOON THE SHERIFF AND A POSSE, RUSH IN SEARCH OF THE SUB-EARTHMEN!
...AND FOLLOWING CLOSE BEHIND ARE STEVE AND BUCKY TRANSFORMED TO CAPTAIN AMERICA AND HIS FIGHTING COMPANION ...JUST IN CASE...
THE POSSE COMES UPON THE SUB-EARTHMEN!
SEE! THERE THEY ARE!
GOOD LORD! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!
AFTER THEM, MEN! AN' SHOOT TO KILL!
BUT BEFORE THE POSSE CAN FIRE, THE GIANT EARTH WORMS ATTACK!
HELP!
GET THEM CRITTERS! KILL 'EM!
AGHHHH!

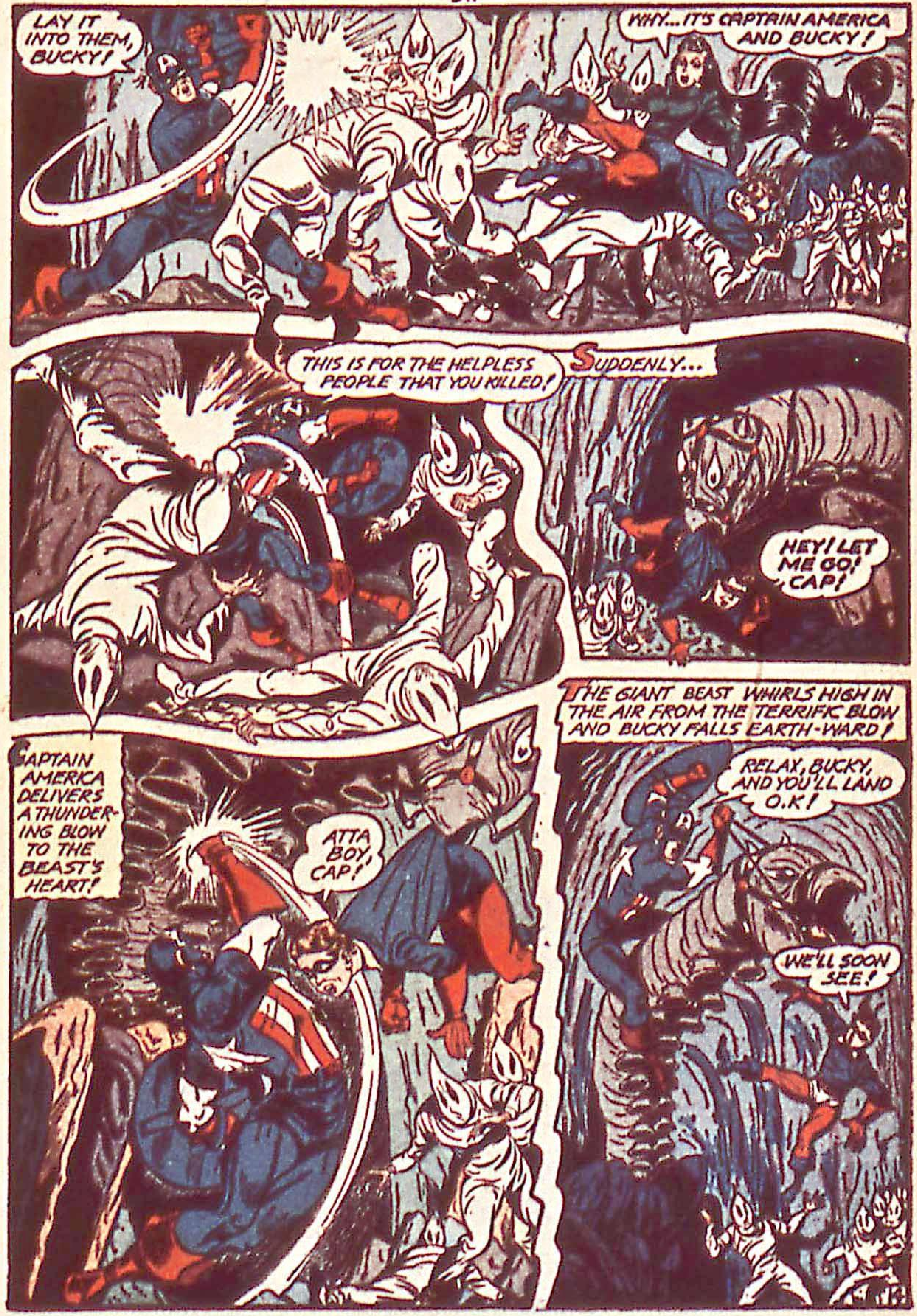

DO NOT SLAY US! MY PEOPLE COME IN PEACE! I AM QUEEN MEDUSA!
NEARBY, CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY LOOK UPON THE SCENE...
HEY... SHE SPEAKS OUR LANGUAGE... WE'RE GONNA SAVE HER BEFORE THE POSSE SHOOTS HER!
LET'S GO, BUCKY!
STICK BY US, QUEEN, THEY WON'T HARM YOU!
REACHING QUEEN MEDUSA, CAP AND BUCKY STAND AT HER SIDE!
SHE'S NOT AN EARTHWOMAN, CAPTAIN AMERICA! I'M ARRESTING HER FOR QUESTIONING!
GO WITH HIM, QUEEN MEDUSA! NO HARM WILL COME TO YOU!
THE POSSE HURRIES BACK TO TOWN WITH QUEEN MEDUSA AS THEIR PRISONER!
WITH QUEEN MEDUSA LOCKED UP IN TOWN, STEVE AND BUCKY ROAM THE CAMP GROUNDS
I FEEL SORRY FOR THE QUEEN! CAN'T TELL WHAT THE PEOPLE WILL DO WITH HER!
THERE MUST BE MORE OF HER PEOPLE UP IN THE HILLS! WE OUGHT TO HELP, STEVE!

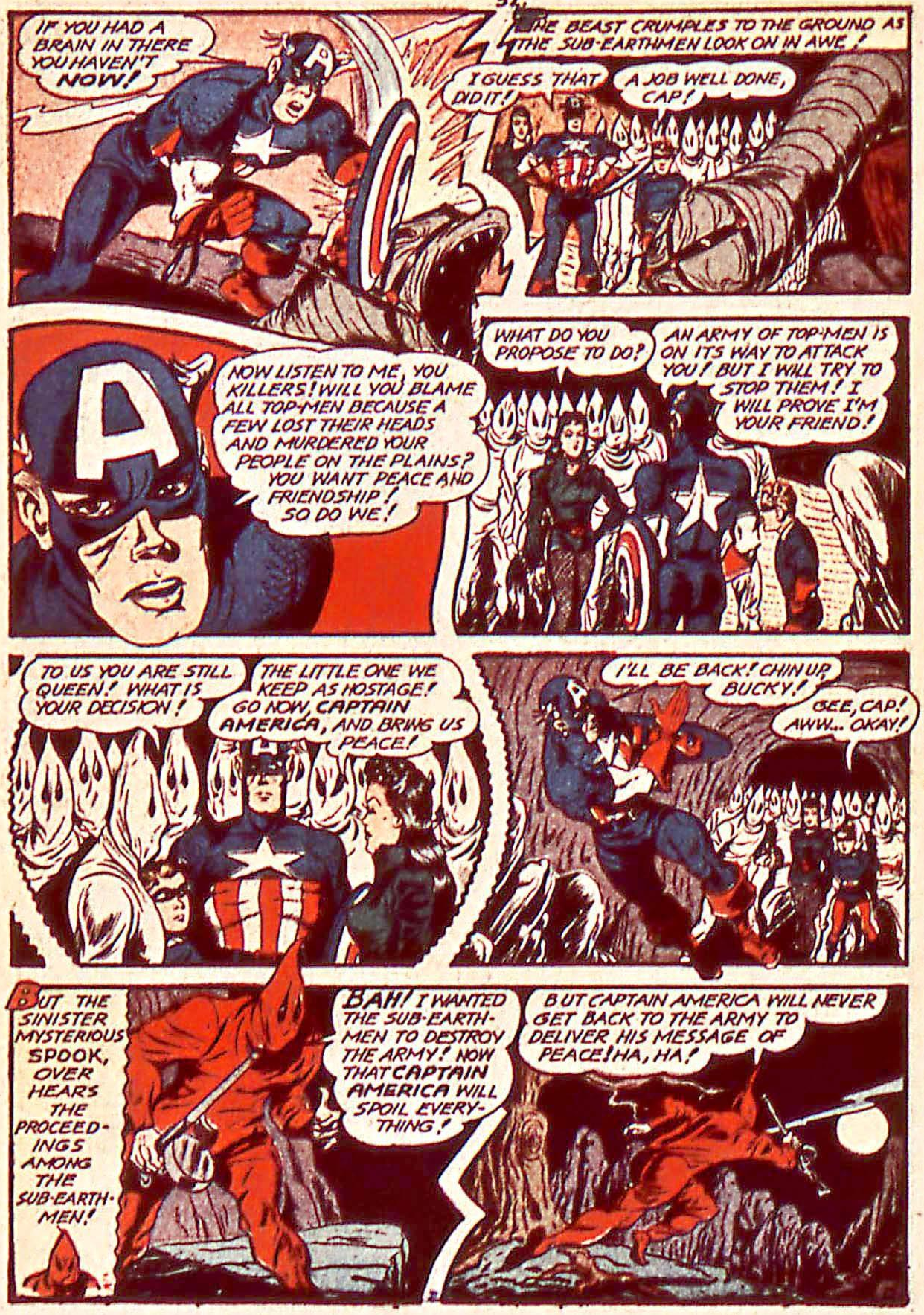

SUPPOSE WE SNEAK OUT TO-NIGHT AND GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS WHOLE THING!
NOW YOU'RE TALKING!
LATER THAT NIGHT...
BETTER TELL ME WHERE THE REST OF YOUR BUNCH IS, QUEEN!
NEVER! YOU WOULD ONLY SLAUGHTER THEM AS YOU KILLED THE OTHERS!
HEY...
DON'T MAKE AN OUTCRY SHERIFF, IF YOU WANT TO STAY HEALTHY!
C-CAPTAIN AMERICA! B-BUT...
COME, QUEEN, THE SHERIFF WANTS TO TAKE YOUR PLACE!
HEY... YOU CAN'T LOCK ME IN HERE! I'M THE SHERIFF!
WELL, I WOULDN'T BRAG ABOUT IT! NOT THE WAY YOU LOOK NOW! HA, HA!
THE TRIO MAKE THE LONG JOURNEY BACK INTO THE HILLS...
I SHALL HIDE WITH MY REMAINING PEOPLE IN THOSE HILLS. WHEN YOU HAVE CONVINCED THE TOP-MEN WE ARE FRIENDS, COME TO ME, YOU SHALL BE GREATLY WELCOMED!
A FEW DAYS AFTER QUEEN MEDUSA HAS RETURNED TO HER PEOPLE, TWO SUB-EARTH MEN DRAG A FIGURE TOWARD HER!
THIS TOP-MAN CAME INTO THE HILLS, O QUEEN! WE SEIZED HIM AT ONCE!
SPEAK, TOP-MAN! WHY DO YOU VENTURE HERE?
I AM THE SPOOK! I OFFER YOU THE MEANS OF REVENGE AGAINST THE TOP-MEN. POWERFUL WEAPONS SHALL BE YOURS. YOU SHALL RULE THE TOP-WORLD AS YOU DID THE UNDER-WORLD!

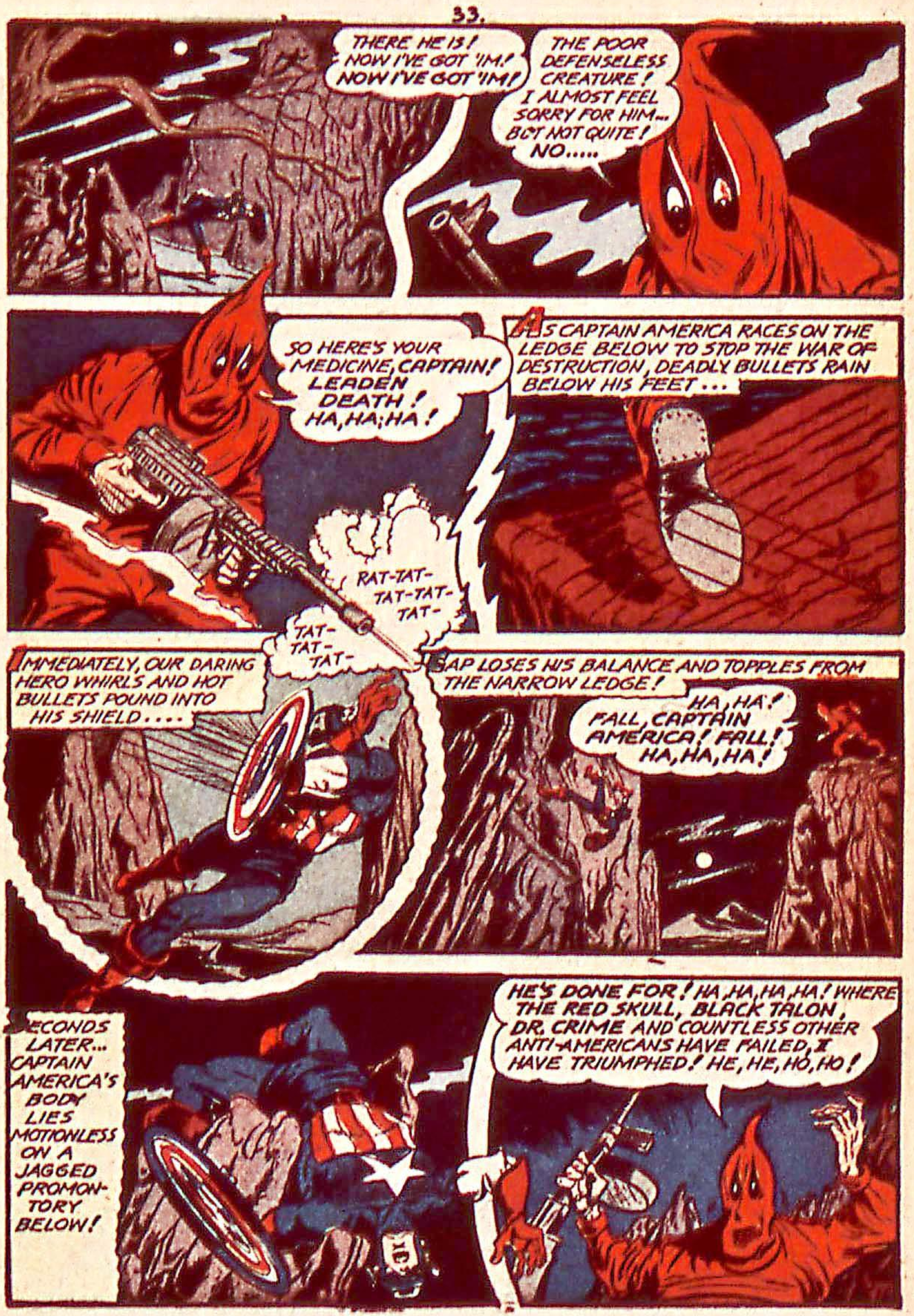

NO! WE SEEK NO REVENGE! WE CAME IN PEACE... AND WE STILL SEEK PEACE!
I PROTEST, O QUEEN! OUR COMRADES HAVE BEEN KILLED! I SAY WE MUST FIGHT!
MOVED BY THE STIRRING WORDS OF THEIR COMRADE THE SUB-EARTH MEN SHOUT FOR A WAR AGAINST THE MEN OF THE UPPER WORLD!
ACCEPT THE OFFER OF THE MASKED MAN!
WAR!
WAR!
WAR!
VERY WELL! FOLLOW THE MASKED ONE IN MORTAL COMBAT AGAINST TOP-MEN! BUT I, YOUR QUEEN, SHALL NOT LEAD YOU IN BATTLE! I OFFER MY ABDICATION AS YOUR RULER!
AAAAAH! THINGS ARE WORKING JUST AS I PLANNED! NOW FOR SOME TERROR!
SOON, THE SPOOK HAS SUPPLIED THE SUB-EARTH MEN WITH MODERN WEAPONS AND SPOOK-LIKE COSTUMES TO TERRORIZE THE AMERICAN PEOPLE... THEY ATTACK THE TOWN, LEAVING THE GOOD QUEEN MEDUSA BEHIND IN THE HILLS TO BROOD OVER THE MADNESS OF HER PEOPLE!
RAT-AT-TA-TAT-TAT
RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT
RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!
KILL, KILL, KILL!
AGGGGGG!

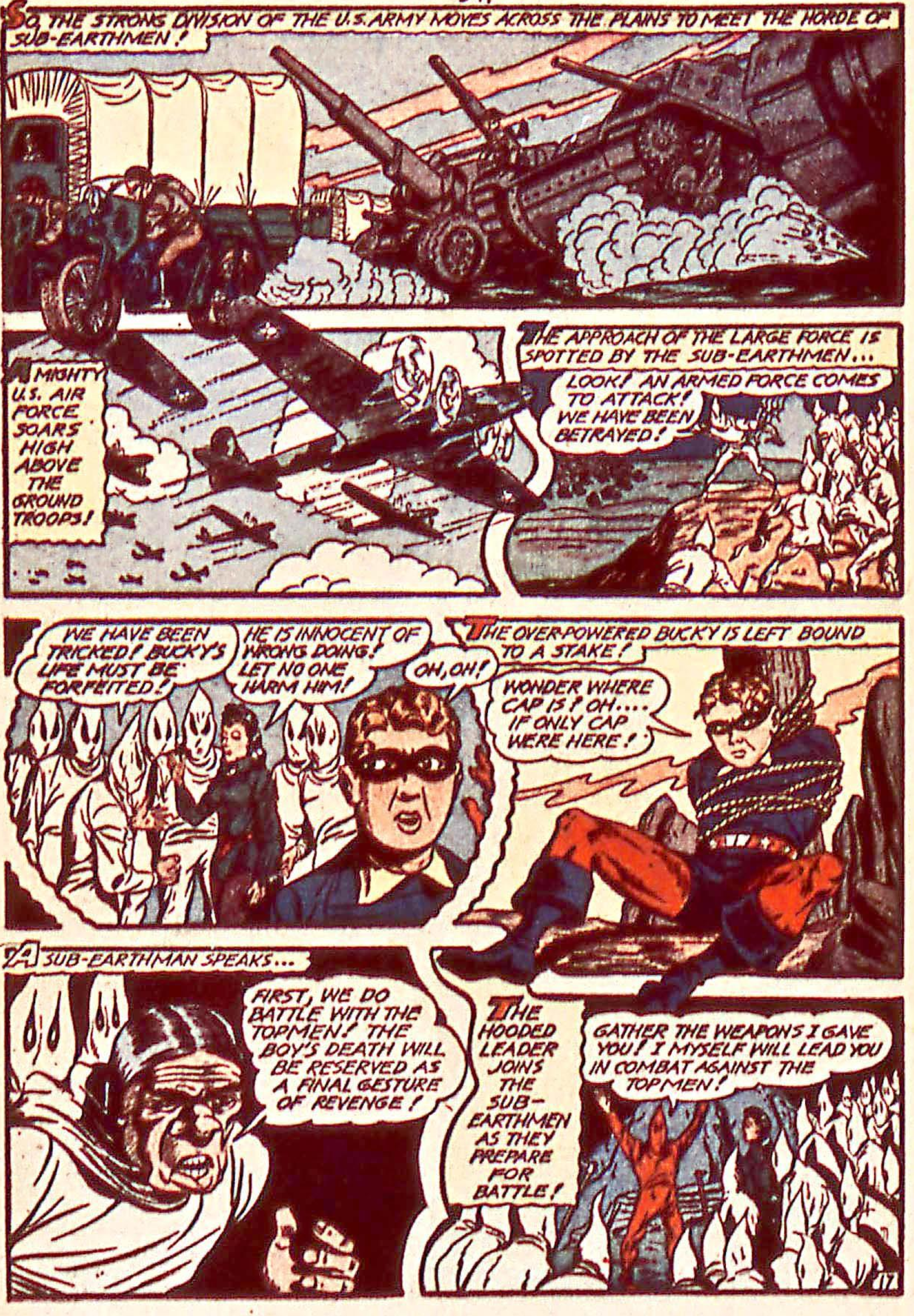

THE INSTIGATOR OF THE HORRIBLE WAR GLOATS OVER THE DEATH AND DESTRUCTION........
HA, HA! THE FUEHRER WILL YET CONQUER AMERICA WITH TERRORIZATION! AND THESE STUPID SUB-EARTHMEN WILL SERVE THE PURPOSE PERFECTLY!
THE SMALL TOWN RADIO STATION SENDS OUT A CALL FOR HELP!
S.O.S.! MILLBROOK UNDER SEIGE BY SUB-EARTH-MEN! SEND HELP AT ONCE! S.O.S.!
Q.F.K.
THE S.O.S. IS PICKED UP AT THE ARMY ENCAMPMENT A FEW MILES AWAY!
S.O.S. FROM MILLBROOK, GENERAL KELLER! ATTACKED BY SUB-EARTHMEN!
WHAT! HAVE GENERAL ASSEMBLY SOUNDED!
HELLO, CAPTAIN BROOKS! HAVE TANKS, AMMUNITION, GUNS.... EVERYTHING, READY FOR ACTION!
MEN, WE STOP MANEUVERS IMMEDIATELY! PREPARE TO MOVE AGAINST SUB-EARTHMEN! WE MARCH IMMEDIATELY!
DID YOU HEAR THAT, BUCKY! THE SUB-EARTHMEN ARE WAGING WAR AGAINST US!
QUEEN MEDUSA WENT BACK ON HER PROMISE!
AS THE SOLDIERS PREPARE FOR THE ATTACK, STEVE AND MASCOT BARNES HAVE OTHER PLANS!
HOPE THEY DON'T NOTICE OUR ABSENCE IN THE FIELD IN OUR OTHER ROLES!
CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY! YAHOO!
LET'S GET TO THOSE SUB-EARTHMEN BEFORE THE ARMY ATTACKS! THERE ARE A FEW MATTERS TO CLEAR UP!
SUCH AS, WHO IS BEHIND THE WAR OF THE SUB-EARTHMEN, EH?
12

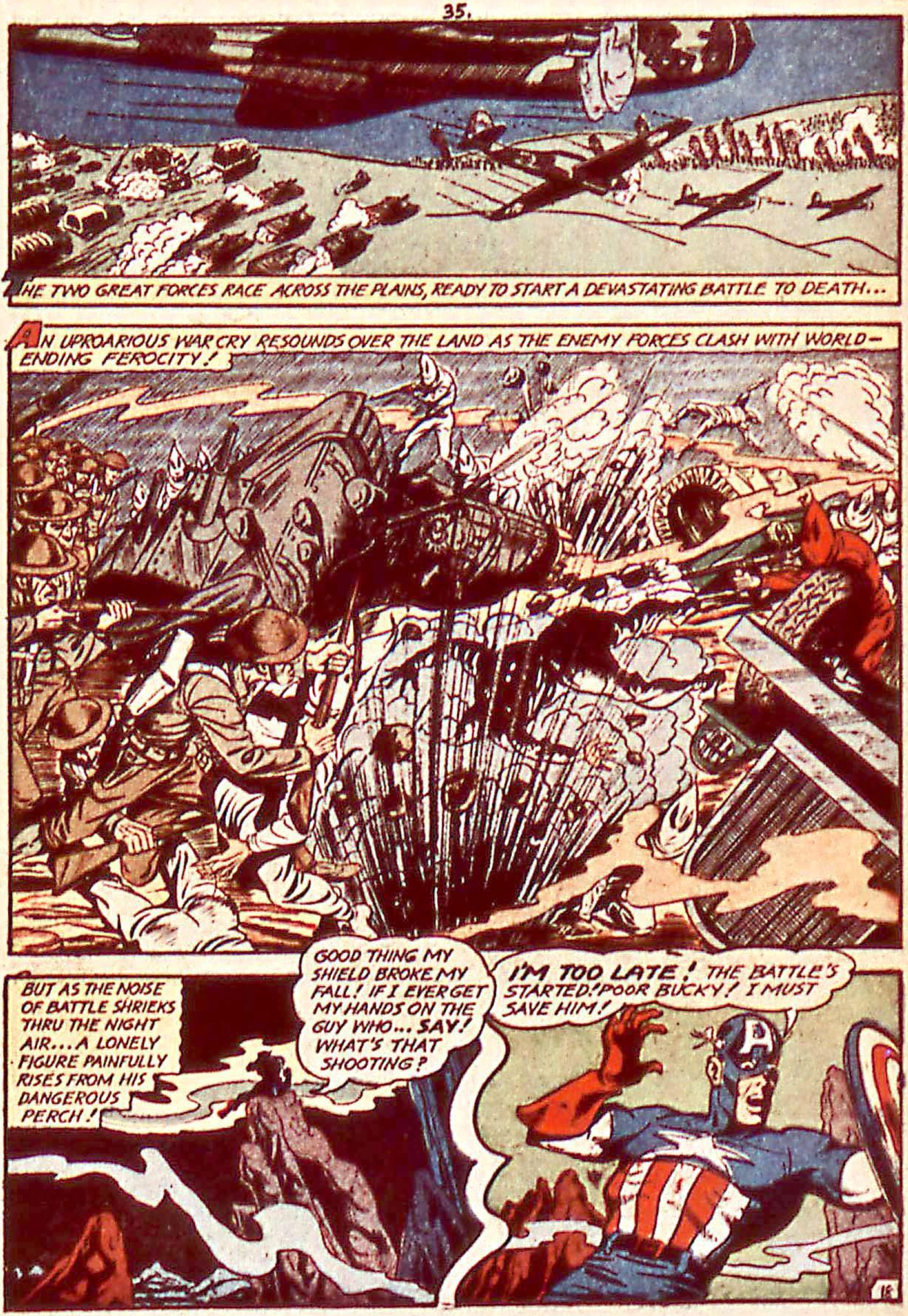

CAP! I HEAR VOICES IN THIS CAVE! MUST BE THE SUB-EARTH-MEN!
MEANWHILE, INSIDE THE GLOOMY CAVE...
ONE MORE ATTACK, AND THE TOP-MEN OF THIS TOWN WILL BE DESTROYED! THEN WE INVADE OTHER TOWNS!
MEDUSA IS A FOOL NOT TO JOIN US! WE SHALL BE MASTERS OF THIS UPPER-WORLD!
WHERE'D THEY GET THOSE SPOOKY ROBES?
THERE THEY ARE, BUCKY! AND THERE SURE ARE PLENTY OF THEM!
SUDDENLY, QUEEN MEDUSA MAKES A SURPRISE APPEARANCE!
NO!
MEDUSA! DID YOU COME TO JOIN US IN OUR WAR?
I COME TO PLEAD ONCE MORE THAT YOU CEASE THIS MAD WAR! SEEK PEACE WITH THE TOP-MEN, AND THEY SHALL BE OUR FRIENDS!
DID YOU HEAR THAT, BUCKY! MEDUSA HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH THE WAR!
CAP! THEY'RE STONING HER!
STONE HER! SHE IS A TRAITOR TO OUR CAUSE! KILL THE QUEEN!
LET'S PUT A STOP TO THIS, BUCKY!
YAHOO!
13


LAY IT INTO THEM, BUCKY!
WHY...IT'S CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY!
THIS IS FOR THE HELPLESS PEOPLE THAT YOU KILLED!
SUDDENLY...
HEY! LET ME GO! CAP!
CAPTAIN AMERICA DELIVERS A THUNDERING BLOW TO THE BEAST'S HEART!
ATTA BOY, CAP!
THE GIANT BEAST WHIRLS HIGH IN THE AIR FROM THE TERRIFIC BLOW AND BUCKY FALLS EARTH-WARD!
RELAX, BUCKY, AND YOU'LL LAND O.K!
WE'LL SOON SEE!


IF YOU HAD A BRAIN IN THERE YOU HAVEN'T NOW!
THE BEAST CRUMPLES TO THE GROUND AS THE SUB-EARTHMEN LOOK ON IN AWE!
I GUESS THAT DID IT!
A JOB WELL DONE, CAP!
NOW LISTEN TO ME, YOU KILLERS! WILL YOU BLAME ALL TOP-MEN BECAUSE A FEW LOST THEIR HEADS AND MURDERED YOUR PEOPLE ON THE PLAINS? YOU WANT PEACE AND FRIENDSHIP! SO DO WE!
WHAT DO YOU PROPOSE TO DO?
AN ARMY OF TOP-MEN IS ON ITS WAY TO ATTACK YOU! BUT I WILL TRY TO STOP THEM! I WILL PROVE I'M YOUR FRIEND!
TO US YOU ARE STILL QUEEN! WHAT IS YOUR DECISION!
THE LITTLE ONE WE KEEP AS HOSTAGE! GO NOW, CAPTAIN AMERICA, AND BRING US PEACE!
I'LL BE BACK! CHIN UP, BUCKY!
GEE, CAP! AWW... OKAY!
BUT THE SINISTER MYSTERIOUS SPOOK, OVER HEARS THE PROCEEDINGS AMONG THE SUB-EARTH-MEN!
BAH! I WANTED THE SUB-EARTH-MEN TO DESTROY THE ARMY! NOW THAT CAPTAIN AMERICA WILL SPOIL EVERYTHING!
BUT CAPTAIN AMERICA WILL NEVER GET BACK TO THE ARMY TO DELIVER HIS MESSAGE OF PEACE! HA, HA!


THERE HE IS! NOW I'VE GOT 'IM! NOW I'VE GOT 'IM!
THE POOR DEFENSELESS CREATURE! I ALMOST FEEL SORRY FOR HIM... BUT NOT QUITE! NO.....
SO HERE'S YOUR MEDICINE, CAPTAIN! LEADEN DEATH! HA, HA, HA!
AS CAPTAIN AMERICA RACES ON THE LEDGE BELOW TO STOP THE WAR OF DESTRUCTION, DEADLY BULLETS RAIN BELOW HIS FEET ...
RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-
TAT-TAT-TAT-
IMMEDIATELY, OUR DARING HERO WHIRLS AND HOT BULLETS POUND INTO HIS SHIELD....
CAP LOSES HIS BALANCE AND TOPPLES FROM THE NARROW LEDGE!
HA, HA! FALL, CAPTAIN AMERICA! FALL! HA, HA, HA!
SECONDS LATER... CAPTAIN AMERICA'S BODY LIES MOTIONLESS ON A JAGGED PROMONTORY BELOW!
HE'S DONE FOR! HA, HA, HA, HA! WHERE THE RED SKULL, BLACK TALON, DR. CRIME AND COUNTLESS OTHER ANTI-AMERICANS HAVE FAILED, I HAVE TRIUMPHED! HE, HE, HO, HO!


SO THE STRONG DIVISION OF THE U.S. ARMY MOVES ACROSS THE PLAINS TO MEET THE HORDE OF SUB-EARTHMEN!
A MIGHTY U.S. AIR FORCE SOARS HIGH ABOVE THE GROUND TROOPS!
THE APPROACH OF THE LARGE FORCE IS SPOTTED BY THE SUB-EARTHMEN...
LOOK! AN ARMED FORCE COMES TO ATTACK! WE HAVE BEEN BETRAYED!
WE HAVE BEEN TRICKED! BUCKY'S LIFE MUST BE FORFEITED!
HE IS INNOCENT OF WRONG DOING! LET NO ONE HARM HIM!
OH, OH!
THE OVER-POWERED BUCKY IS LEFT BOUND TO A STAKE!
WONDER WHERE CAP IS? OH.... IF ONLY CAP WERE HERE!
A SUB-EARTHMAN SPEAKS...
FIRST, WE DO BATTLE WITH THE TOPMEN! THE BOY'S DEATH WILL BE RESERVED AS A FINAL GESTURE OF REVENGE!
THE HOODED LEADER JOINS THE SUB-EARTHMEN AS THEY PREPARE FOR BATTLE!
GATHER THE WEAPONS I GAVE YOU! I MYSELF WILL LEAD YOU IN COMBAT AGAINST THE TOPMEN!
17


THE TWO GREAT FORCES RACE ACROSS THE PLAINS, READY TO START A DEVASTATING BATTLE TO DEATH...
AN UPROARIOUS WAR CRY RESOUNDS OVER THE LAND AS THE ENEMY FORCES CLASH WITH WORLD-ENDING FEROCITY!
BUT AS THE NOISE OF BATTLE SHRIEKS THRU THE NIGHT AIR... A LONELY FIGURE PAINFULLY RISES FROM HIS DANGEROUS PERCH!
GOOD THING MY SHIELD BROKE MY FALL! IF I EVER GET MY HANDS ON THE GUY WHO... SAY! WHAT'S THAT SHOOTING?
I'M TOO LATE! THE BATTLE'S STARTED! POOR BUCKY! I MUST SAVE HIM!
18
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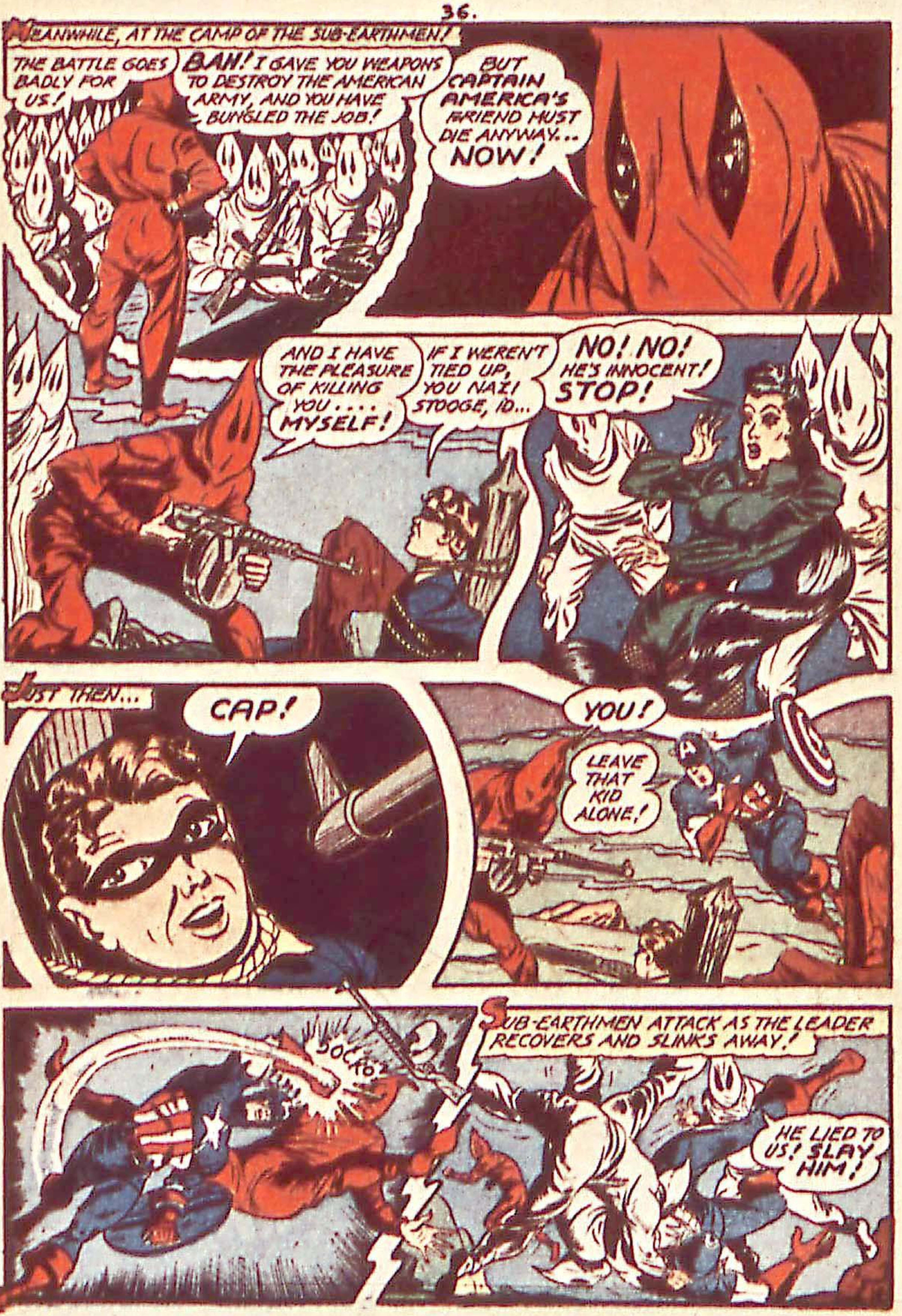
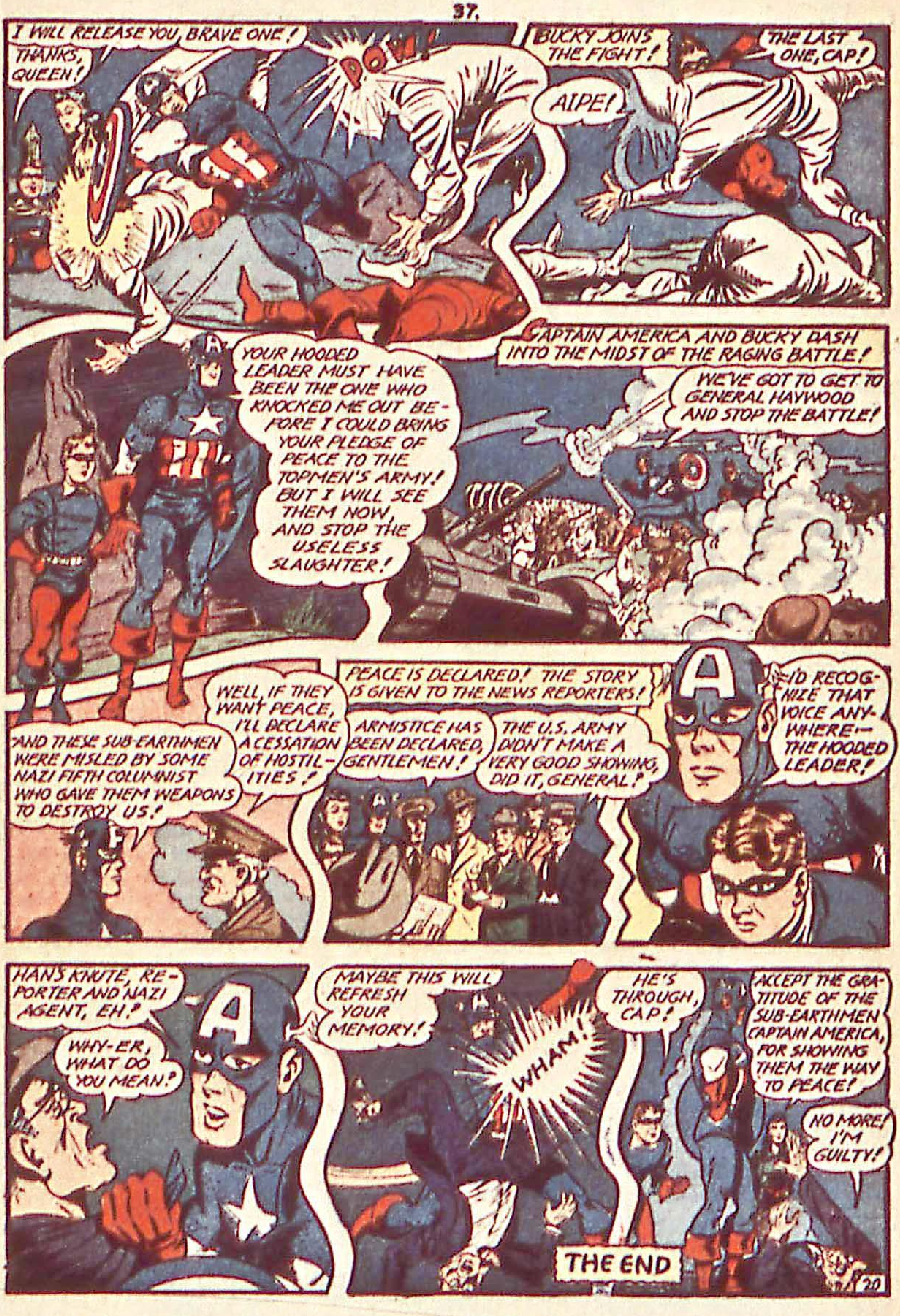

MEANWHILE, AT THE CAMP OF THE SUB-EARTHMEN!
THE BATTLE GOES BADLY FOR US!
BAH! I GAVE YOU WEAPONS TO DESTROY THE AMERICAN ARMY, AND YOU HAVE BUNGLED THE JOB!
BUT CAPTAIN AMERICA'S FRIEND MUST DIE ANYWAY... NOW!
AND I HAVE THE PLEASURE OF KILLING YOU.... MYSELF!
IF I WEREN'T TIED UP, YOU NAZI STOOGE, I'D...
NO! NO! HE'S INNOCENT! STOP!
JUST THEN...
CAP!
YOU!
LEAVE THAT KID ALONE!
SUB-EARTHMEN ATTACK AS THE LEADER RECOVERS AND SLINKS AWAY!
SOCKO!
HE LIED TO US! SLAY HIM!


I WILL RELEASE YOU, BRAVE ONE!
THANKS, QUEEN!
POW!
BUCKY JOINS THE FIGHT!
AIPE!
THE LAST ONE, CAP!
YOUR HOODED LEADER MUST HAVE BEEN THE ONE WHO KNOCKED ME OUT BEFORE I COULD BRING YOUR PLEDGE OF PEACE TO THE TOPMEN'S ARMY! BUT I WILL SEE THEM NOW, AND STOP THE USELESS SLAUGHTER!
CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY DASH INTO THE MIDST OF THE RAGING BATTLE!
WE'VE GOT TO GET TO GENERAL HAYWOOD AND STOP THE BATTLE!
AND THESE SUB-EARTHMEN WERE MISLED BY SOME NAZI FIFTH COLUMNIST WHO GAVE THEM WEAPONS TO DESTROY US!
WELL, IF THEY WANT PEACE, I'LL DECLARE A CESSATION OF HOSTILITIES!
PEACE IS DECLARED! THE STORY IS GIVEN TO THE NEWS REPORTERS!
ARMISTICE HAS BEEN DECLARED, GENTLEMEN!
THE U.S. ARMY DIDN'T MAKE A VERY GOOD SHOWING, DID IT, GENERAL?
I'D RECOGNIZE THAT VOICE ANYWHERE— THE HOODED LEADER!
HANS KNUTE, REPORTER AND NAZI AGENT, EH?
WHY-ER, WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
MAYBE THIS WILL REFRESH YOUR MEMORY!
WHAM!
HE'S THROUGH, CAP!
ACCEPT THE GRATITUDE OF THE SUB-EARTHMEN CAPTAIN AMERICA, FOR SHOWING THEM THE WAY TO PEACE!
NO MORE! I'M GUILTY!
THE END
20

SITUATION WANTED

I Got an Action Story

by MORTIMER BREEN

LOOK, I got a story to write—lemme alone. Where'd I get the plot? Okay, I'll tell y' if you go away and let me write.

An hour ago I'm stuck, see? The chief says "I need a story—lots of action, up-to-the-minute stuff!"

"What about?" I ask.

"Oh, about two-thousand words," he wisecracks. I never did like his type of unfunniness so I walk out, see? Well, anyway, I'm sitting here tearing up a lot of war-precious paper and running pipe-cleaners thru my bod—and listening to the pencil-pushers in the next office—a bunch of artists. Theirs is an unsuperable brand of conversation ranging from Greek Art to poker-hands and girls. None of this gives me the idea I'm hung up for. And the bickering of those pulp-paper Michaelangelos gets to be too much. Lordy. How can I snag an idea for an action story in a place where all the adventure comes on Friday night signing for the pay-envelopes. No flash-bang; no nothing!

So I leave. Okay, so the boss blows the ceiling—all he can do is get mad. He can't fire me; if he does, who'll he have to blow off steam at? I ask you.

I'm leaning on the west side of a malted-milk (with chocolate ice-cream) and saying about the Dodgers having a good chance this year and Wilbur, the soda-jerk saying counterwise. He's a Giant man. A half-ton of muscle maneuvers to the next stool, plants an elbow or two on the counter and scratches—with potato-grater soundeffects—a two-day mat of whisker. In my book he registers strictly a non-ice-cream soda drinker. But then, I've been wrong before like when I thought I could rig 2,000 words worth of slam-bang action.

This beef monopoly stares up and down the FOUNTAIN SUGGESTION pasted on the mirror just as if he can read, and mumbles something about a "parfait." Yeah, you heard me—a "parfait." And Wilbur gives—as curious as I am and the lug starts plowing it—sure as shooting. Yeah, that's just what I mean—shooting—because that's when it begins!

Wha-a-ango! The tall parfait glass levels down to table-top height' with a squidge of ice-cream and clatter of glass. Accompanying noises include a "pinggg-eeeee" of a .38 slug bouncing off a fresh knick in the fountain, a falsetto "Yipe!" from Wilbur and a thud from my left shoulder as the footrail impedes my sudden impulse to hug the floor . .

There I am, making like a disappearing act—and mad! Sure, mad. I try to spend a half-hour forgetting the action-story idea I never have anyway and get upset by a bullet from some guy I probably never even met.

I'm curled against the counter in such a way as to get a full view of the swinging doors—which aren't swinging at this time. So I figure nobody's gone out . . . like the parfait-eating bruiser, than whom nobody else would be subject to the lethal attentions of the .38. Having the logical mind of a literary person, I soon figure the lug must still be in the store, so I creep along the counter and look around the end. And come knee-level of Wilbur's very trembly trousers. Getting up, I ask the conventional "What happened?"

"Search me," is Wilbur's neat retort. "All I know's a parfait glass is busted an' I'll git docked fer it." (That gives you the picture in re the sort of action I find around this morgue.)

Looking about, I tally a few changes in the place, item: one V-shaped gouge in the fountain-top; item: one parfait glass highly segmented; item: one hole in platglass front ornamented with a star-shaped crack efflect all around; item: no Beefy Boy. And I note, also, the alleyway door is still bolted from the inside. Beefy Boy didn't go out and he doesn't stay in . . . a mystery I refrain from discussing with any Giant fan.

Two policemen come in about the time they are sure it's safe. They have notebooks and a set of "answer-me-yes-or-no" questions—and me worrying about the answer to the 2,000 word whizzer hanging over my head. They look around and dig the .38 slug from the prescription-department screen, leaving a hole that might have been made by a French .75. And they go away.

I'm sipping a "coke" on the house—Wilbur says it'll steady my nerves as if I have any. And I'm trying to get an angle on Beefy Boy's evanishment and my whing-ding saga at the same time. And I'm fending off Wilbur's attempts to pick up the

Dodgers-vs-Giants argument from where it had been literally shot to pieces. Then—YOW!

A heavy thump—a glass shatter-noise as of considerable breakage—and a bass-note mutter emit from the prescription department. My nerves try blowing me skyward but my mind—which is fast getting lost—says "hit the deck!" My knees are weak and offer no resistance to said course of action.

Wilbur obviously reactions similarly for when I crawl to the back end of the fountain I meet him, also on all fours, looking as if he never expects to see another opening game (which is tomorrow) in his life. We tool around the drug counter and find a hefty crate of pharmaceuticals—pills, powders, lotions, and the like—smashed wide open, spilling every which way. Fearing the glass fragments, we take our hands and knees from the floor, of necessity resorting to a standing posture—which is our fatal mistake!

No sooner does Wilbur's face overreach the stack of newly-delivered drug goods than a meaty fist threshes from behind the carton barrier. Wilbur has very little to say on the way back to the floor. I'm no hero but I figure what the deuce! and start pulling the cartons aside, which Beefy Boy is also doing. And we collide—in a way—his first and my left eye. Fortunately, I am backing away slightly as is my habit in such encounters so I sort of ride with the blow . . .

Big Stuff lashes out in neat fashion, weaving back as I duck his left and come in elbows high to push his face. I'm counting on Wilbur to get up and be of use—I always am an optimist. Beefy Boy takes the head stuff like candy. Then he delivers me over the drug-counter and thru the screen with somersault trimming which lands me on one foot and one knee. I don't like this, especially as I don't know the guy and I still got that action-story assignment nagging at me. Beefy, trumpeting like a bull-elephant, comes my way, hurdling the counter in athletic form. Retreat for reenforcements is suggested by the situation. I run to the show window and grab the best ammunition in reach which is the seven-gallon glass jar of emerald-green water that mates up with a red one on the other side.

Beefy figures my purpose and tries to make the leeward side of the fountain. He hips hard into a stool and takes the floor full on—a perfect target for my weapon. Now, I never hit a man when he's down—if I'm sure he'll go his share and stay that way. But Beefy Boy gave no such signs. So I removed my left from the glass globe and set for a neat shovel-pass to his face when——

. . . K-kr-eee-ack! The thing falls apart in my mit . . . with noises unpleasantly like the demolition of one parfait glass, since departed.

I'm rooted on the spot. In fact, very afraid. Next thing I know the two quizz-program cops give me the arm-lock business and a short, tab-collared, shoulder-padded sharpy under a pork-pie hat is dancing about pointing wildly at me and then at Beefy Boy and chattering a hundred to the square-foot!

For a minute it looks like an assault-and-battery charge against me. But Sharpy backs down when I say something about being a newspaper man—which I AM NOT! This shuts him up. And I finally get the history of this screwy business, (that is—after the cops leave and Wilbur recovers to pump us cherry cokes and we're palsy.)

You see, Beefy Boy's really "Thunder" Wenczikowski, the coming light-heavy for East Jersey. He can't keep his weight in line on account of being a fiend about desserts of all kinds, sizes and quantities. And the little Sharpy's his manager and trying to stop this threat to a glorious career. He's given up the idea of doing it the easy way — just doesn't work. The mgr. has no stature but plenty acumen. He carries a rod wherewith he is a genius — a veritable .38 Robin Hood. The procedure is to tail the big lug and, from a distance, relieve him of his adipose-adding foodstuffs. This gives him—the squirt — a running lead, a vital consideration in that "Thunder" objects to losing his desserts.

Also, the little man objects to losing his champ — hence his blocking my shovel-pass. All of which is reasonable enough.

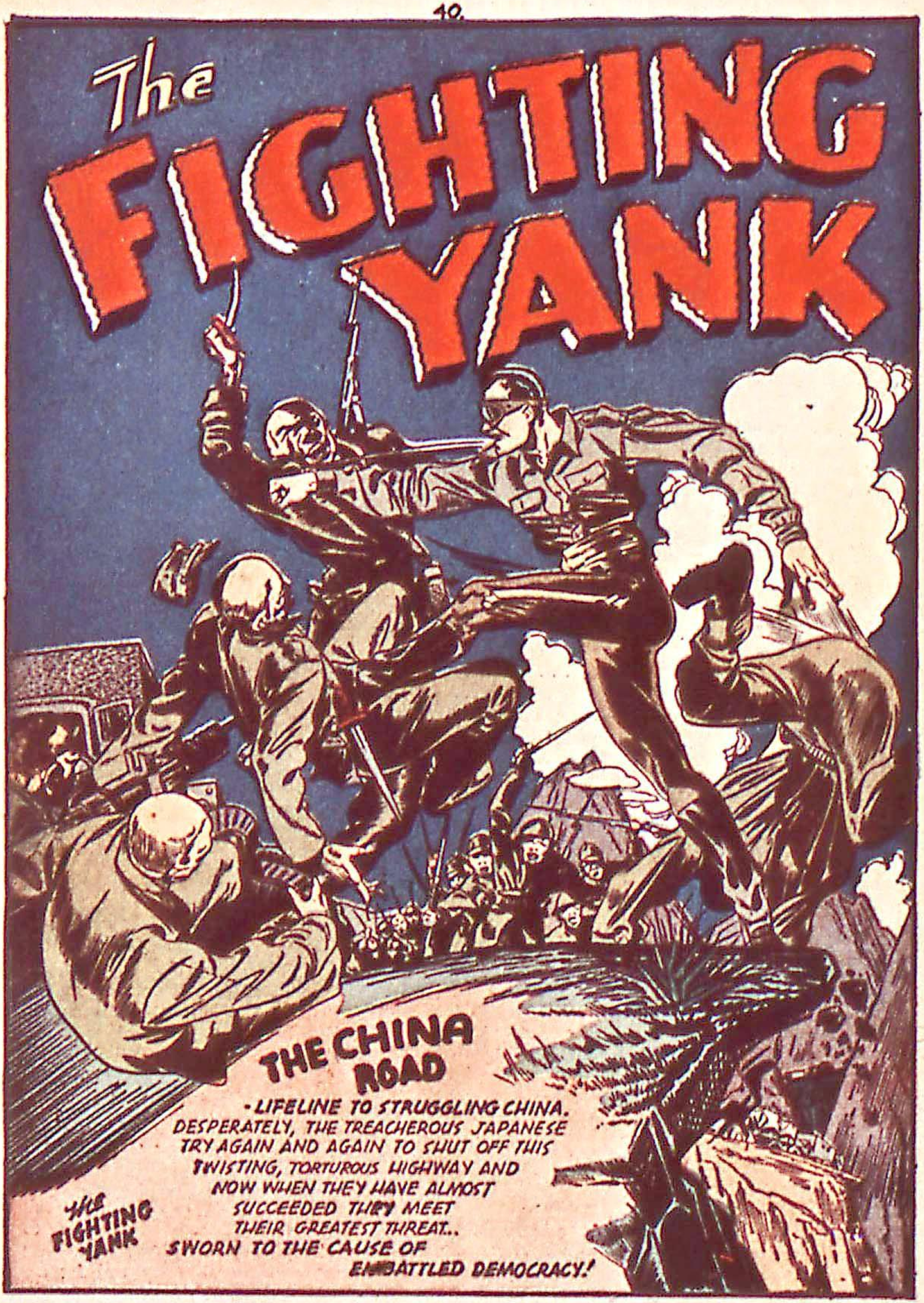
They get up to go, the sharpy dropping a C-note on the counter for damages. Then I remember! Having a greater urge to factual statement than to delicacy, I blurt: "Wenczikowski? Yeah, now I remember! You're the boy that 'Irish' Farbstein mopped up Hartford arena with two years ago, aren't y'?"

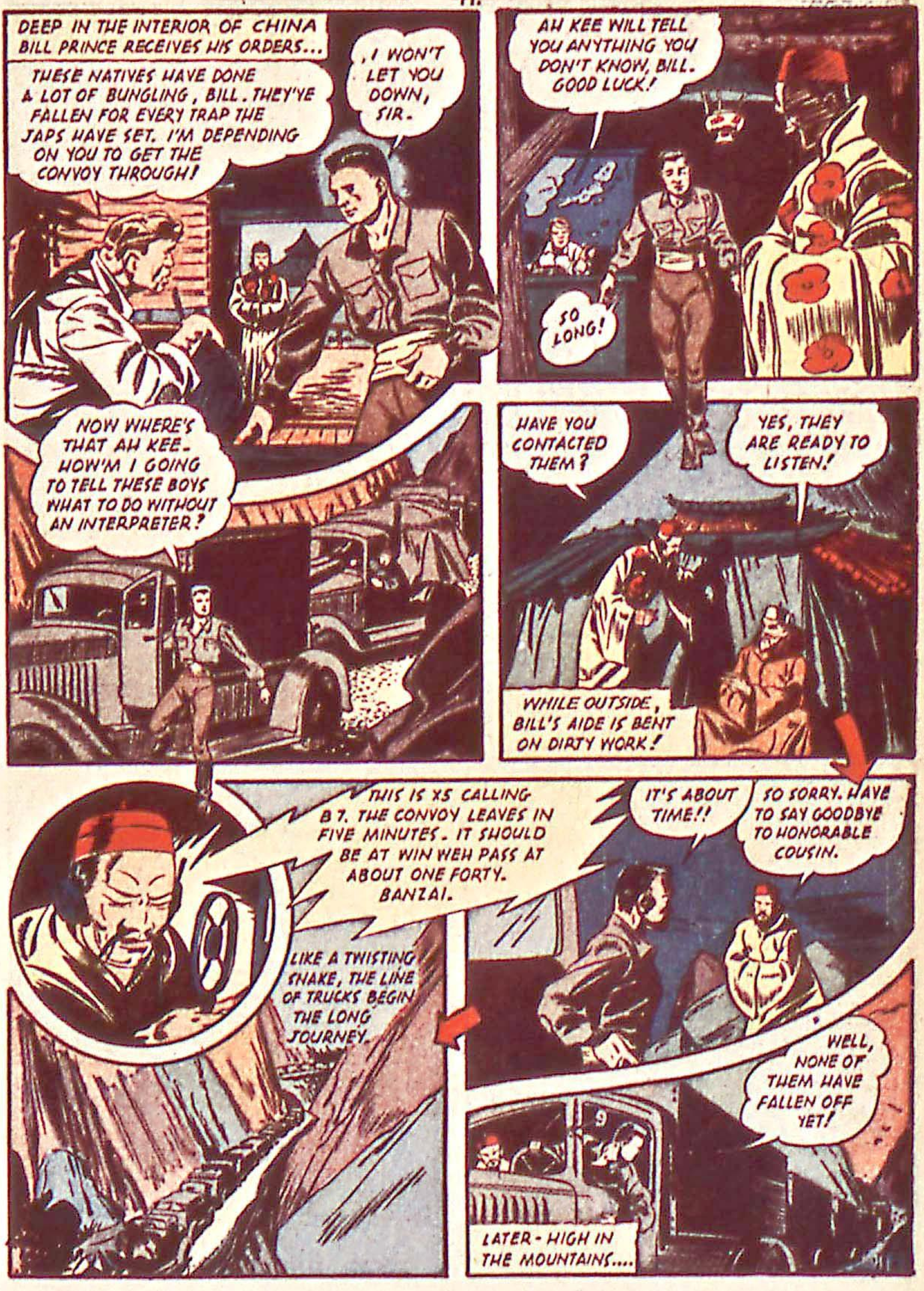
Every gun on the North Carolina explodes in my face!

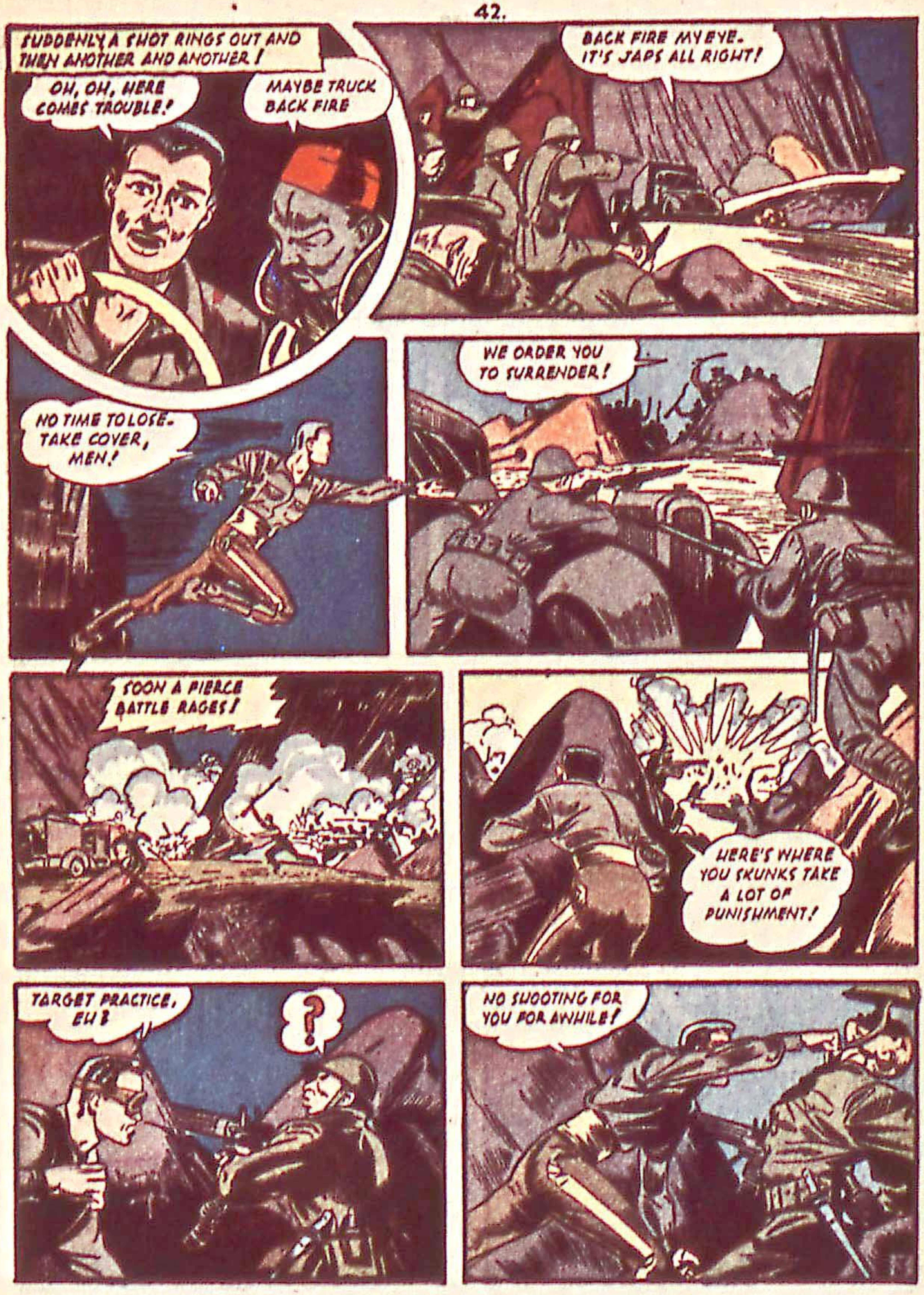
When I come to—courtesy of a water-pail and Wilbur's kind offices, the box-fight guys are gone. I sit up, leaning against the magazine rack. As I ease my way up to standing I spot a month-old copy of DARING DEEDS, a pulp magazine that's been trying to buck our own books. I get an idea!

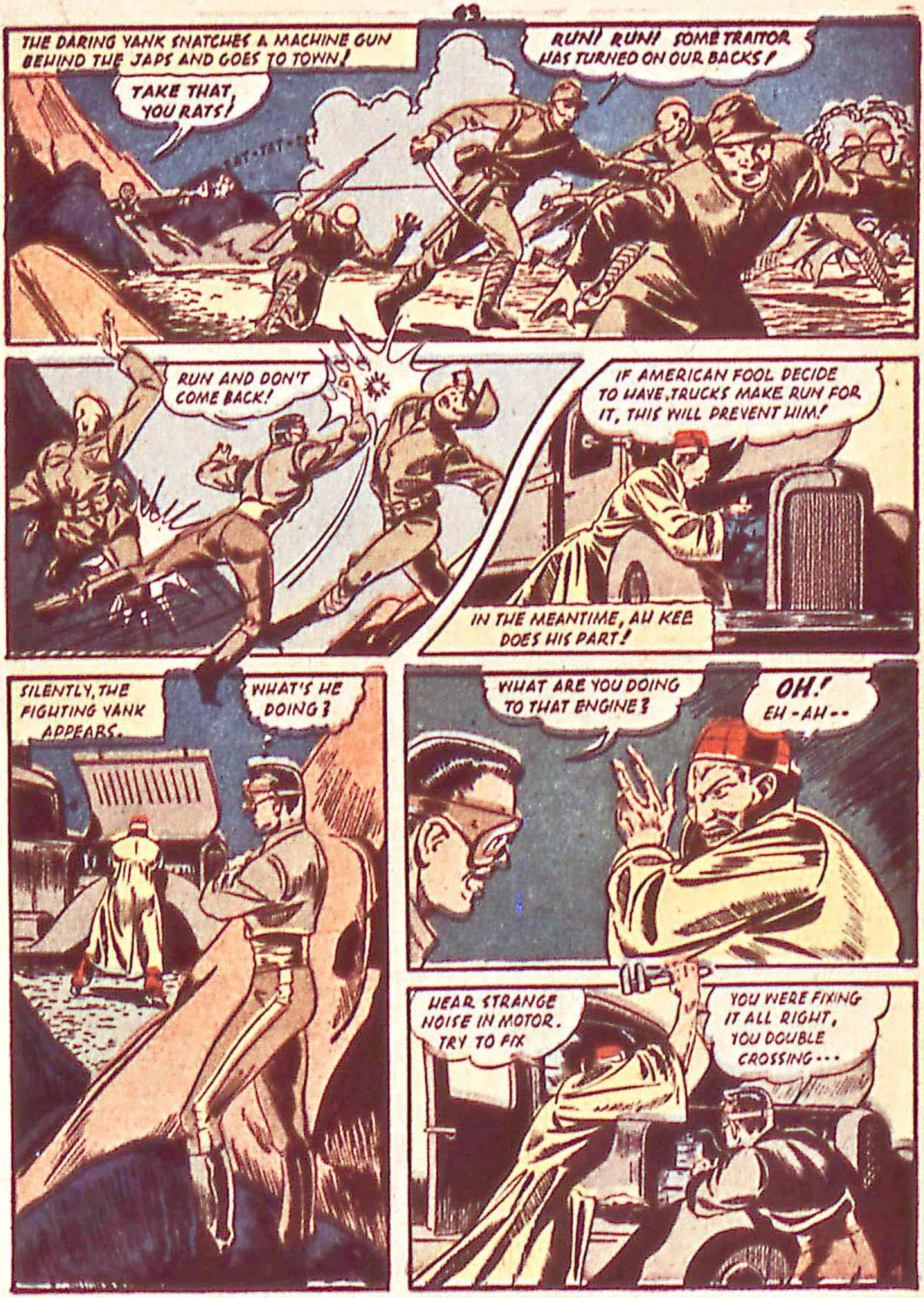
DARING DEEDS has some good stuff in it so why not swipe a story?—a little change here and there on an airplane story—you know. . . . Of course it goes against the grain to steal plots *all* the time but what's a guy going to do when there's no action around the place to pick up from, huh?

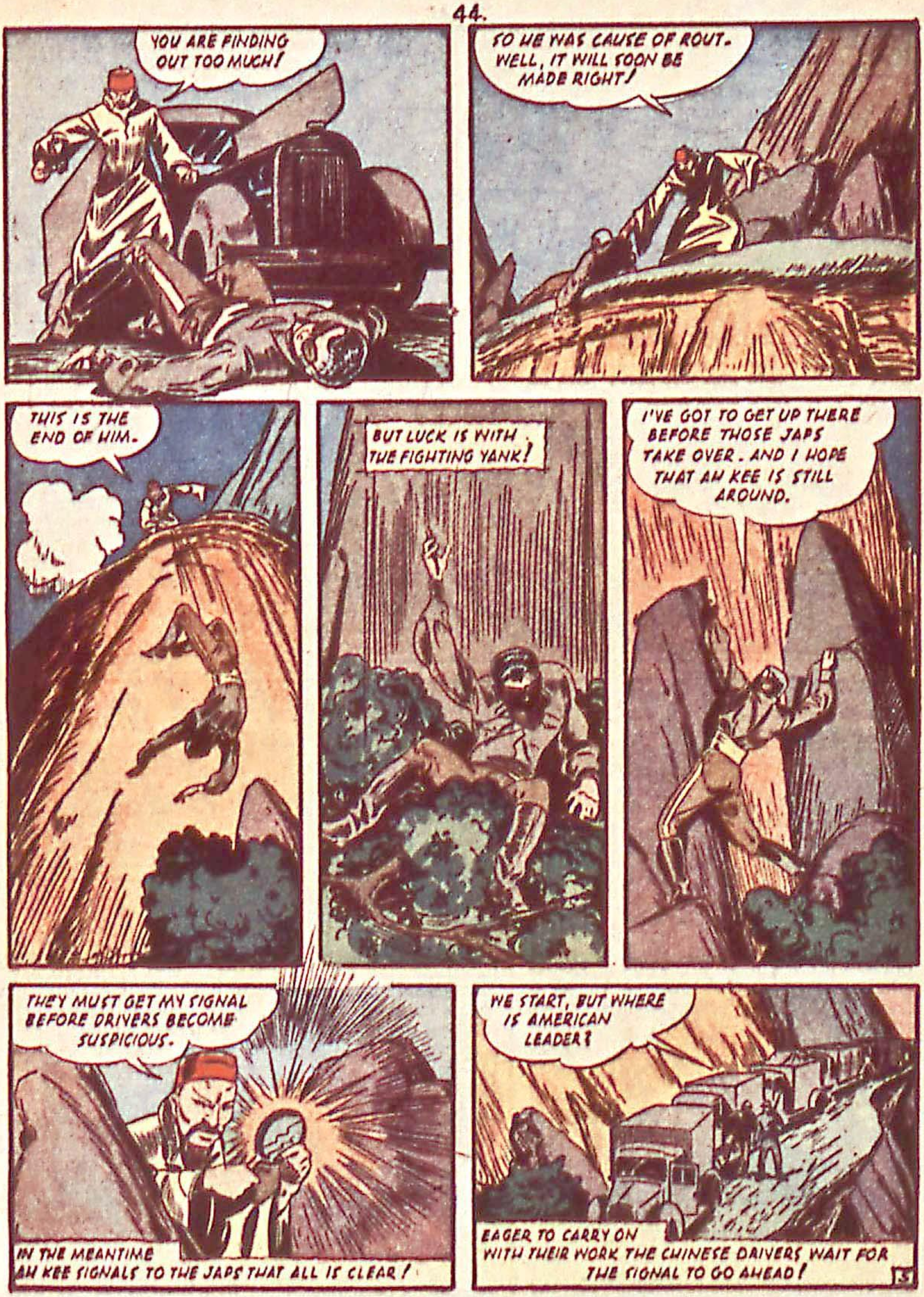
Now go away and let me write, will y'?

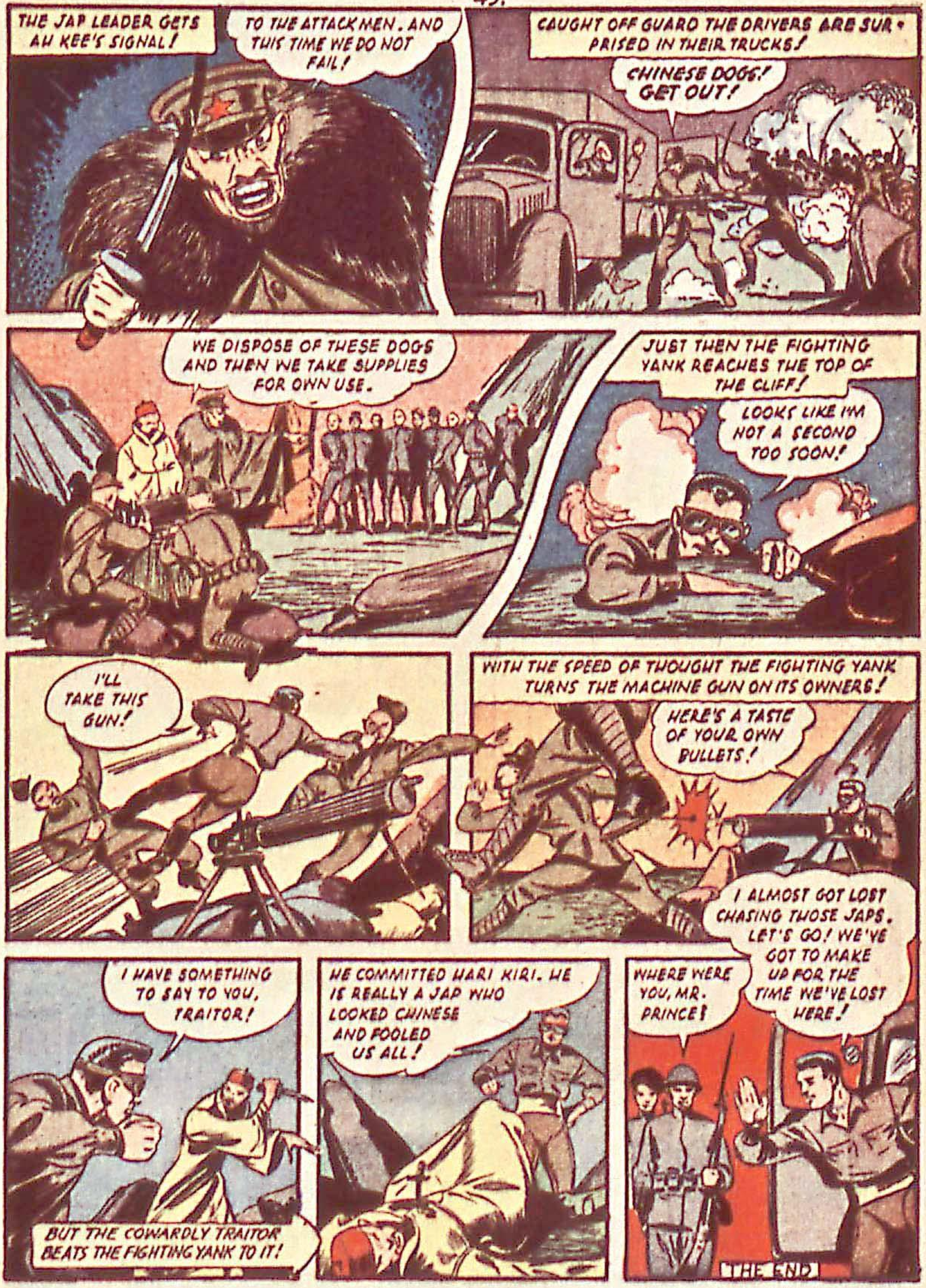

The FIGHTING YANK
THE CHINA ROAD
-LIFELINE TO STRUGGLING CHINA. DESPERATELY, THE TREACHEROUS JAPANESE TRY AGAIN AND AGAIN TO SHUT OFF THIS TWISTING, TORTUROUS HIGHWAY AND NOW WHEN THEY HAVE ALMOST SUCCEEDED THEY MEET THEIR GREATEST THREAT.. THE FIGHTING YANK SWORN TO THE CAUSE OF EMBATTLED DEMOCRACY!

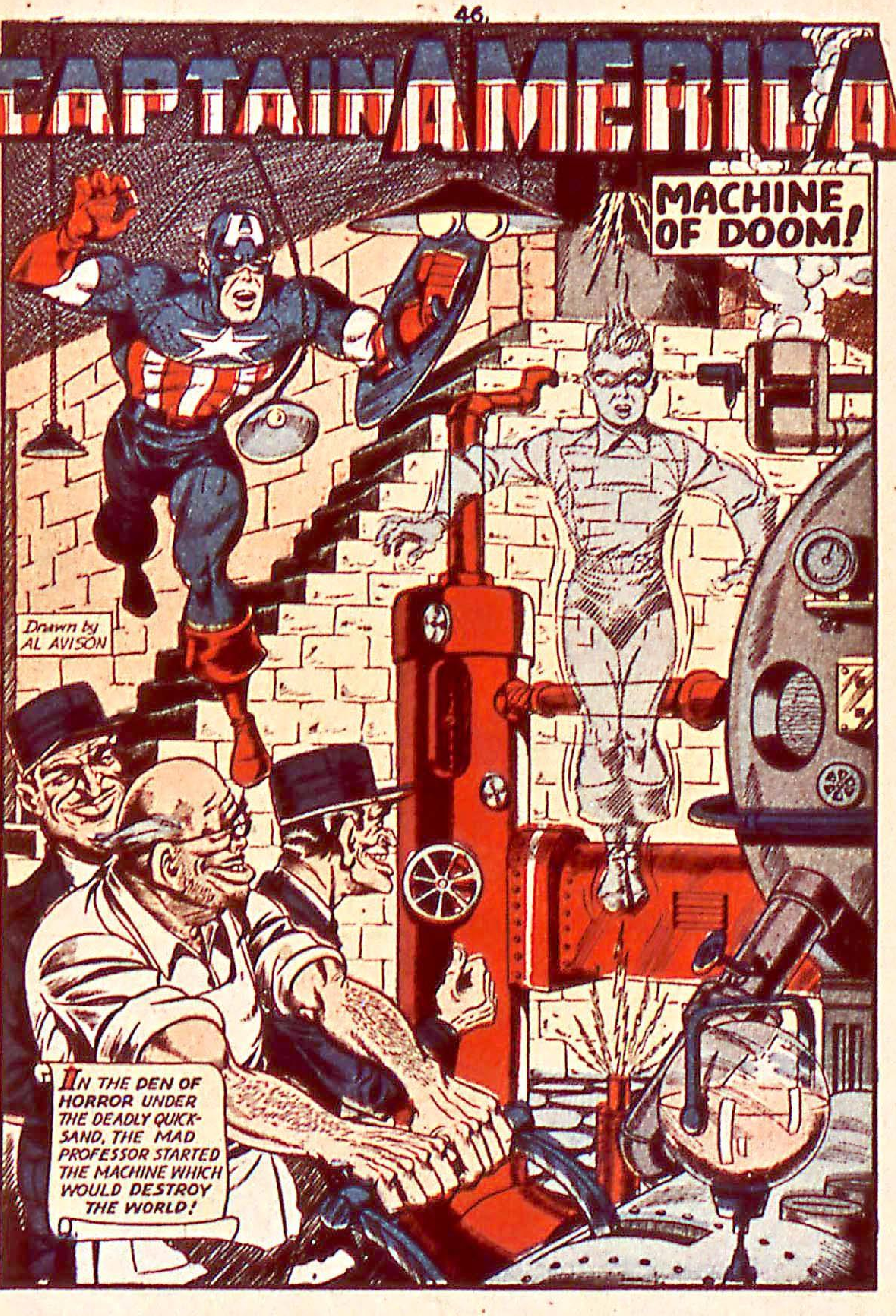

DEEP IN THE INTERIOR OF CHINA BILL PRINCE RECEIVES HIS ORDERS...
THESE NATIVES HAVE DONE A LOT OF BUNGLING, BILL. THEY'VE FALLEN FOR EVERY TRAP THE JAPS HAVE SET. I'M DEPENDING ON YOU TO GET THE CONVOY THROUGH!
, I WON'T LET YOU DOWN, SIR.
AH KEE WILL TELL YOU ANYTHING YOU DON'T KNOW, BILL. GOOD LUCK!
SO LONG!
NOW WHERE'S THAT AH KEE- HOW'M I GOING TO TELL THESE BOYS WHAT TO DO WITHOUT AN INTERPRETER?
HAVE YOU CONTACTED THEM?
YES, THEY ARE READY TO LISTEN!
WHILE OUTSIDE, BILL'S AIDE IS BENT ON DIRTY WORK!
THIS IS XS CALLING B 7. THE CONVOY LEAVES IN FIVE MINUTES. IT SHOULD BE AT WIN WEH PASS AT ABOUT ONE FORTY. BANZAI.
IT'S ABOUT TIME!!
SO SORRY. HAVE TO SAY GOODBYE TO HONORABLE COUSIN.
LIKE A TWISTING SNAKE, THE LINE OF TRUCKS BEGIN THE LONG JOURNEY.
WELL, NONE OF THEM HAVE FALLEN OFF YET!
9
LATER - HIGH IN THE MOUNTAINS....

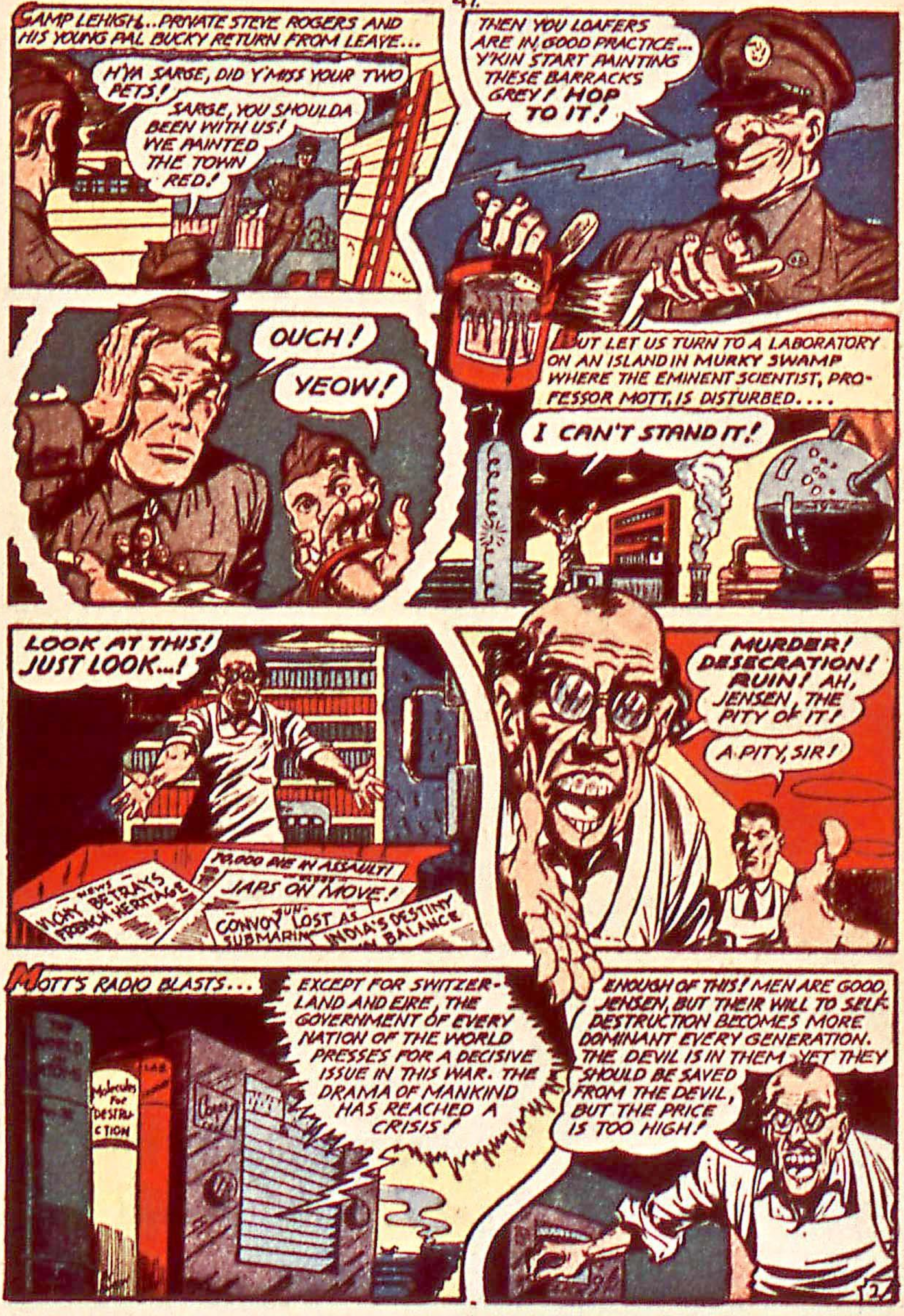

SUDDENLY A SHOT RINGS OUT AND THEN ANOTHER AND ANOTHER!
OH, OH, HERE COMES TROUBLE!
MAYBE TRUCK BACK FIRE
BACK FIRE MY EYE. IT'S JAPS ALL RIGHT!
NO TIME TO LOSE. TAKE COVER, MEN!
WE ORDER YOU TO SURRENDER!
SOON A FIERCE BATTLE RAGES!
HERE'S WHERE YOU SKUNKS TAKE A LOT OF PUNISHMENT!
TARGET PRACTICE, EH?
?
NO SHOOTING FOR YOU FOR AWHILE!

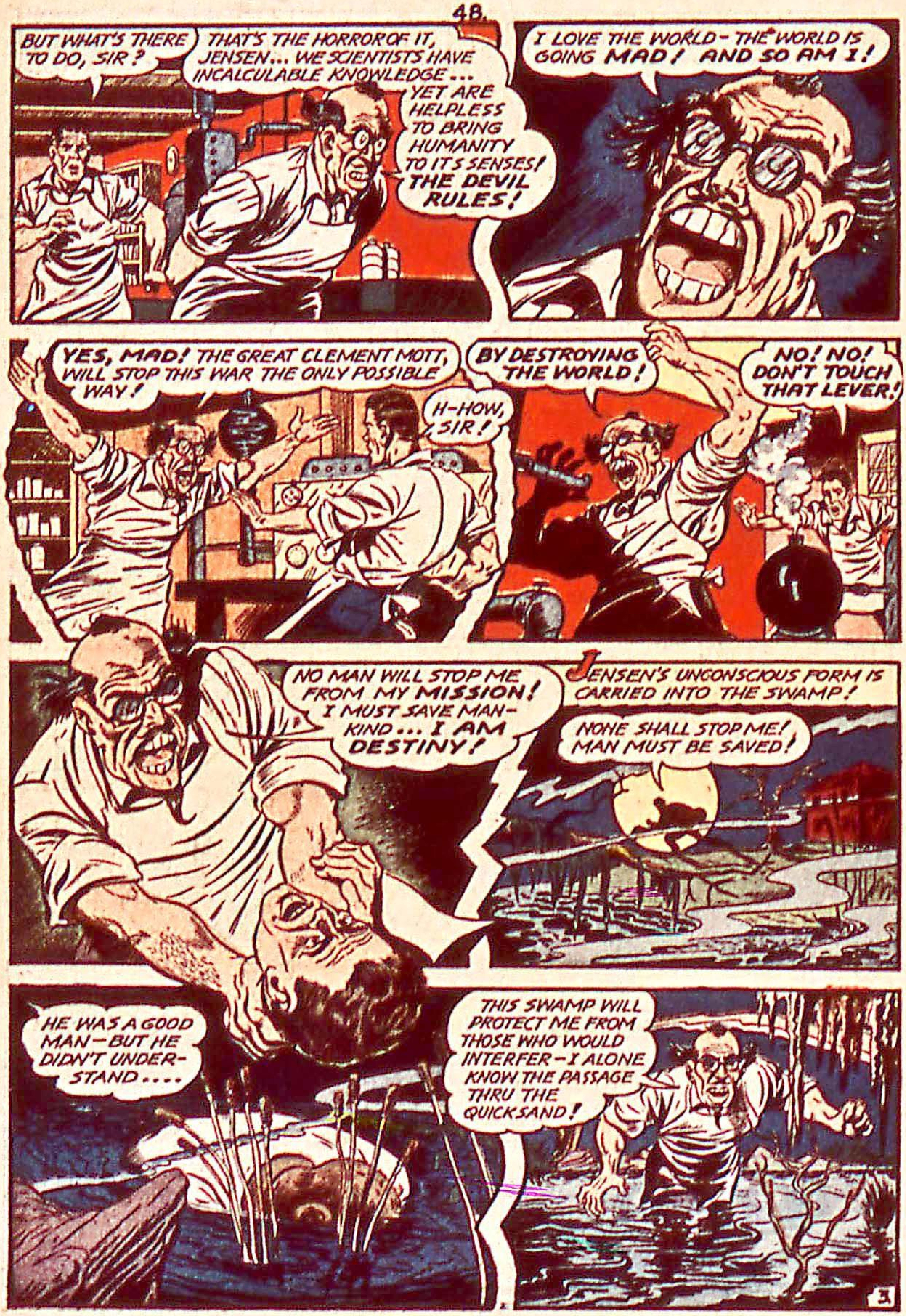

THE DARING YANK SNATCHES A MACHINE GUN BEHIND THE JAPS AND GOES TO TOWN!
TAKE THAT, YOU RATS!
TAT-TAT-TAT
RUN! RUN! SOME TRAITOR HAS TURNED ON OUR BACKS!
RUN AND DON'T COME BACK!
IF AMERICAN FOOL DECIDE TO HAVE TRUCKS MAKE RUN FOR IT, THIS WILL PREVENT HIM!
IN THE MEANTIME, AH KEE DOES HIS PART!
SILENTLY, THE FIGHTING YANK APPEARS.
WHAT'S HE DOING?
WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO THAT ENGINE?
OH! EH-AH--
HEAR STRANGE NOISE IN MOTOR. TRY TO FIX
YOU WERE FIXING IT ALL RIGHT, YOU DOUBLE CROSSING...

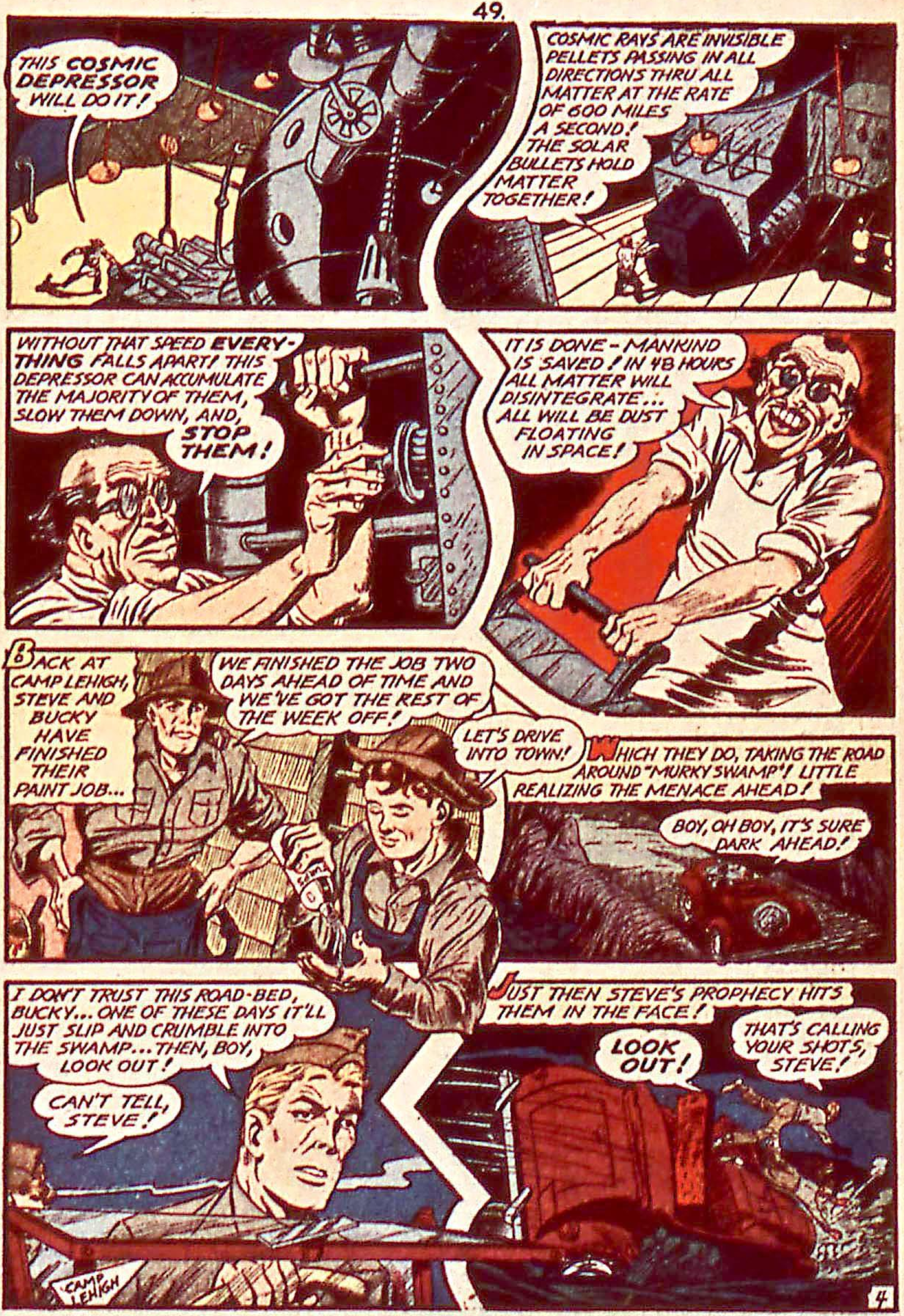

YOU ARE FINDING OUT TOO MUCH!
SO HE WAS CAUSE OF ROUT. WELL, IT WILL SOON BE MADE RIGHT!
THIS IS THE END OF HIM.
BUT LUCK IS WITH THE FIGHTING YANK!
I'VE GOT TO GET UP THERE BEFORE THOSE JAPS TAKE OVER. AND I HOPE THAT AH KEE IS STILL AROUND.
THEY MUST GET MY SIGNAL BEFORE DRIVERS BECOME SUSPICIOUS.
IN THE MEANTIME AH KEE SIGNALS TO THE JAPS THAT ALL IS CLEAR!
WE START, BUT WHERE IS AMERICAN LEADER?
EAGER TO CARRY ON WITH THEIR WORK THE CHINESE DRIVERS WAIT FOR THE SIGNAL TO GO AHEAD!
5

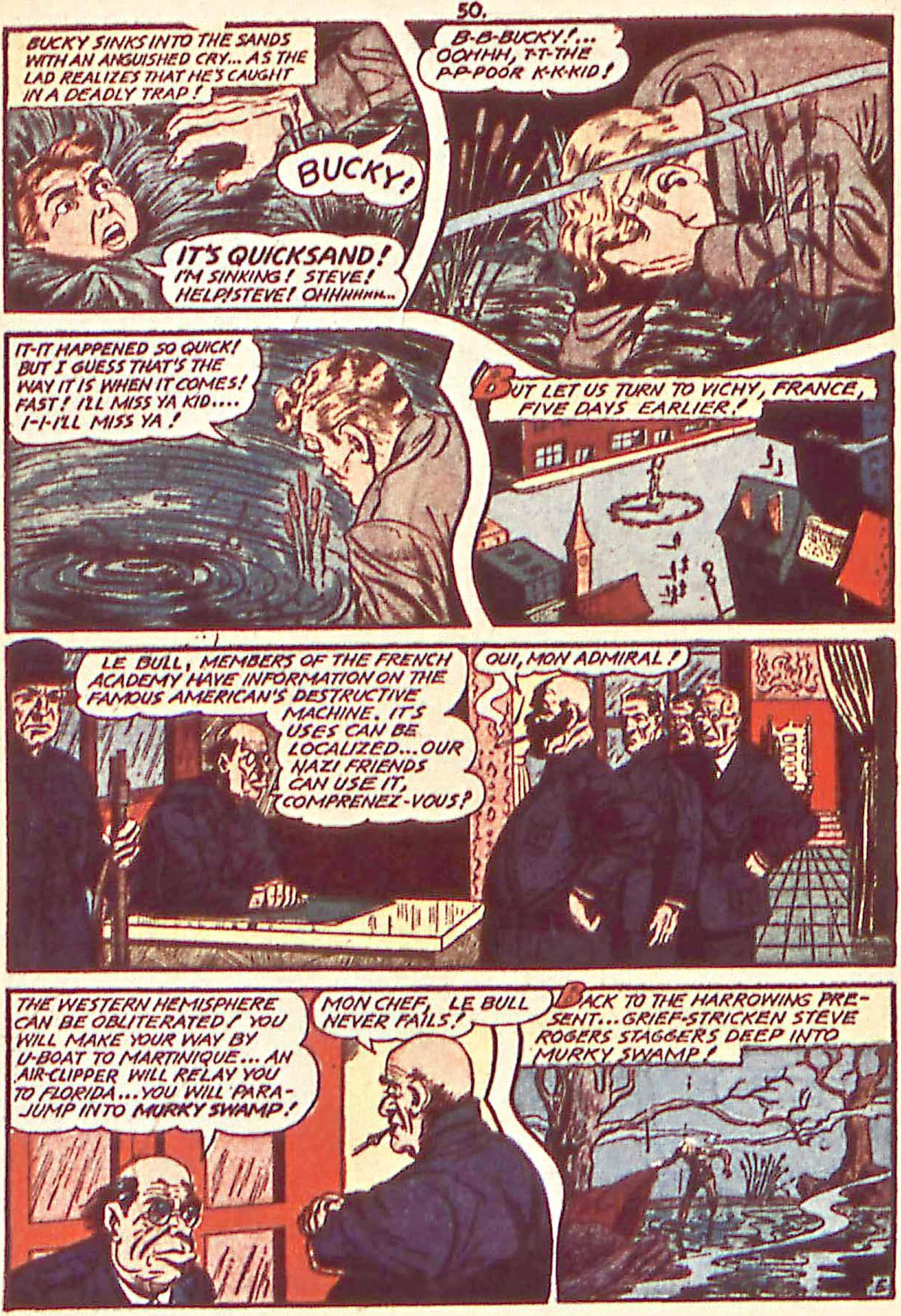

THE JAP LEADER GETS AH KEE'S SIGNAL!
TO THE ATTACK MEN. AND THIS TIME WE DO NOT FAIL!
CAUGHT OFF GUARD THE DRIVERS ARE SURPRISED IN THEIR TRUCKS!
CHINESE DOGS! GET OUT!
WE DISPOSE OF THESE DOGS AND THEN WE TAKE SUPPLIES FOR OWN USE.
JUST THEN THE FIGHTING YANK REACHES THE TOP OF THE CLIFF!
LOOKS LIKE I'M NOT A SECOND TOO SOON!
I'LL TAKE THIS GUN!
WITH THE SPEED OF THOUGHT THE FIGHTING YANK TURNS THE MACHINE GUN ON ITS OWNERS!
HERE'S A TASTE OF YOUR OWN BULLETS!
I HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY TO YOU, TRAITOR!
BUT THE COWARDLY TRAITOR BEATS THE FIGHTING YANK TO IT!
HE COMMITTED HARI KIRI. HE IS REALLY A JAP WHO LOOKED CHINESE AND FOOLED US ALL!
WHERE WERE YOU, MR. PRINCE!
I ALMOST GOT LOST CHASING THOSE JAPS. LET'S GO! WE'VE GOT TO MAKE UP FOR THE TIME WE'VE LOST HERE!
THE END

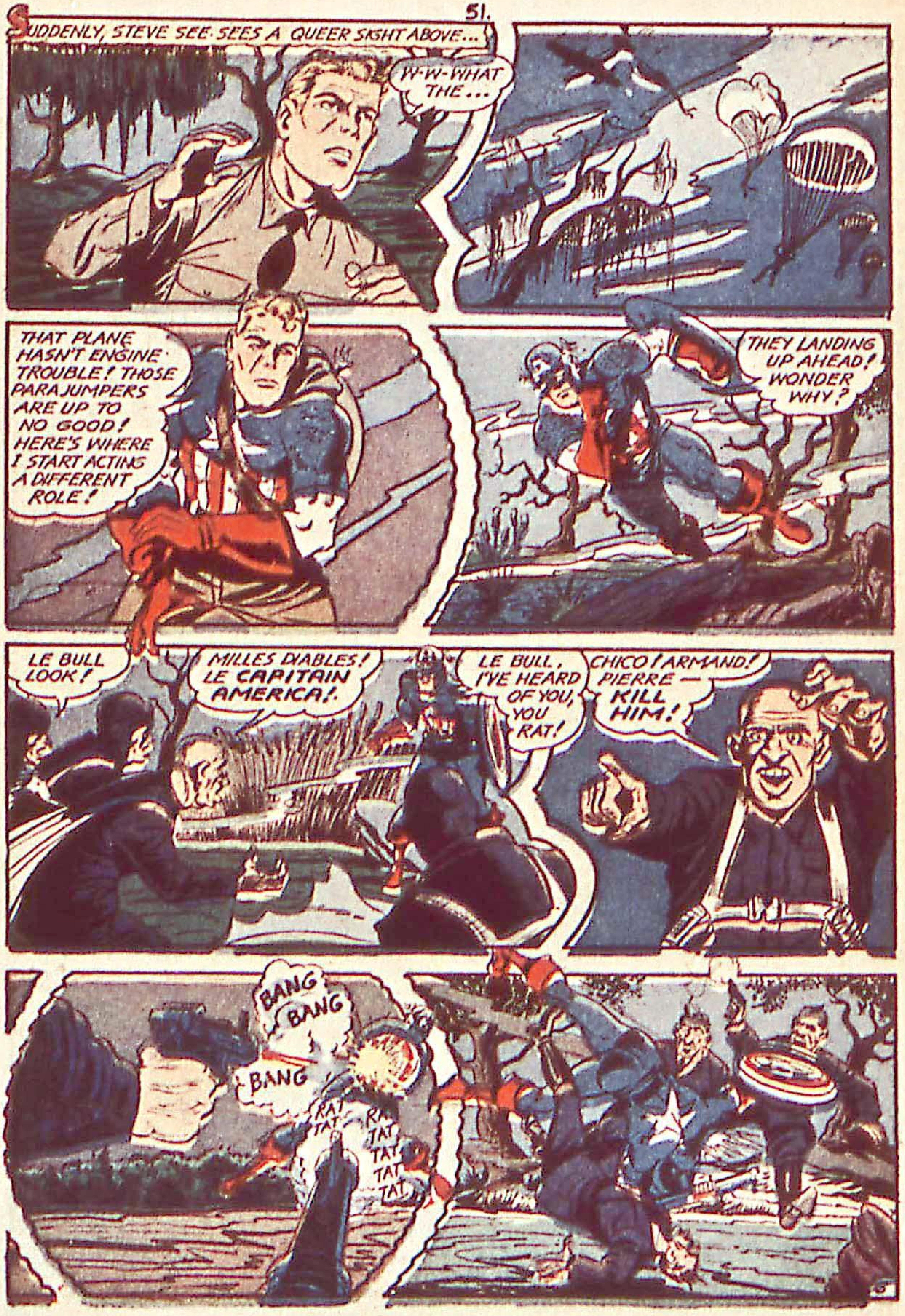

CAPTAIN AMERICA
MACHINE OF DOOM!
Drawn by AL AVISON
IN THE DEN OF HORROR UNDER THE DEADLY QUICK-SAND, THE MAD PROFESSOR STARTED THE MACHINE WHICH WOULD DESTROY THE WORLD!

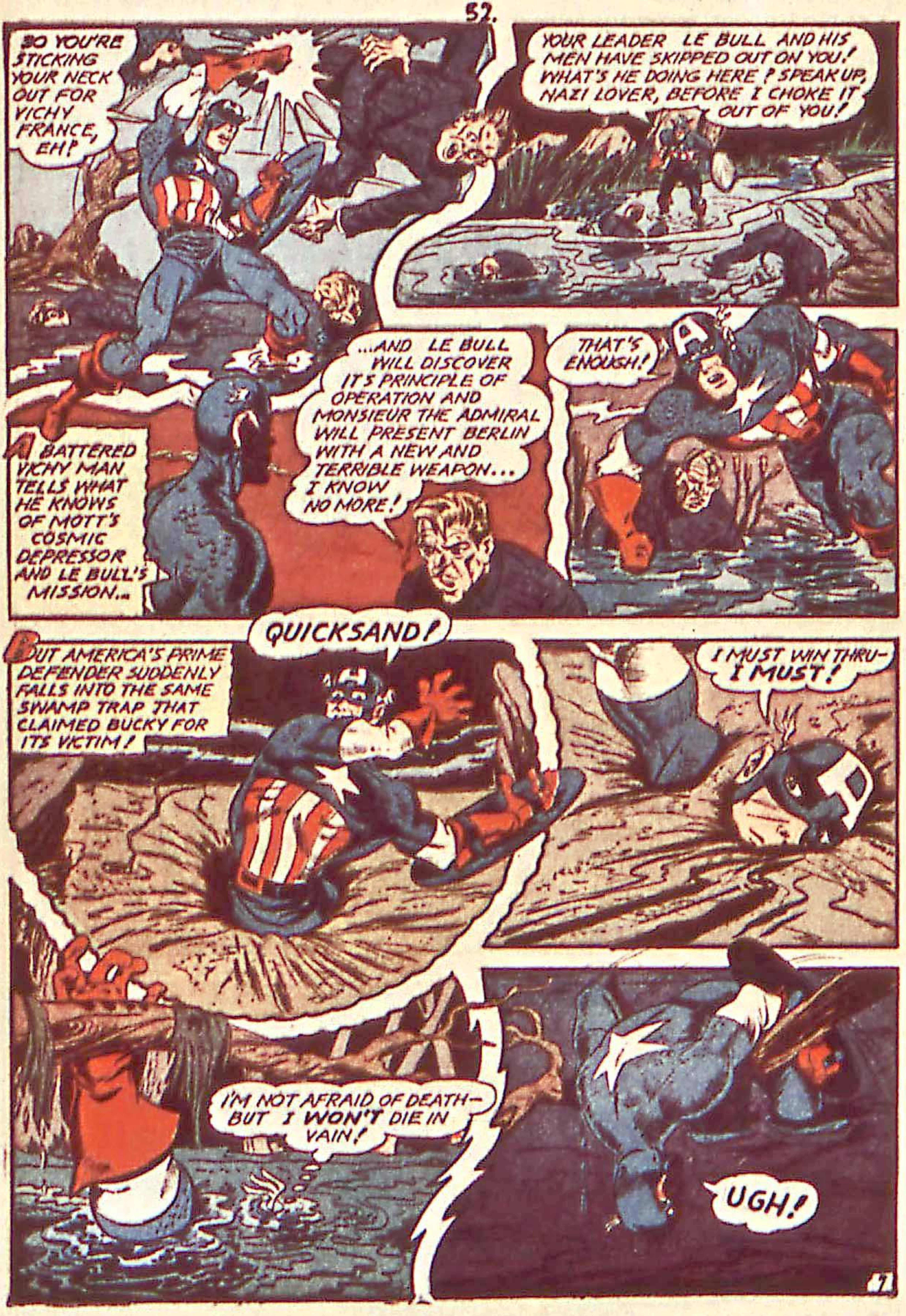

CAMP LEHIGH... PRIVATE STEVE ROGERS AND HIS YOUNG PAL BUCKY RETURN FROM LEAVE...
H'YA SARGE, DID Y'MISS YOUR TWO PETS!
SARGE, YOU SHOULDA BEEN WITH US! WE PAINTED THE TOWN RED!
THEN YOU LOAFERS ARE IN GOOD PRACTICE... Y'KIN START PAINTING THESE BARRACKS GREY! HOP TO IT!
OUCH!
YEOW!
BUT LET US TURN TO A LABORATORY ON AN ISLAND IN MURKY SWAMP WHERE THE EMINENT SCIENTIST, PROFESSOR MOTT, IS DISTURBED....
I CAN'T STAND IT!
LOOK AT THIS! JUST LOOK...!
10,000 DIE IN ASSAULT!
JAPS ON MOVE!
NEWS
VICHY BETRAYS FRENCH HERITAGE
SUN.
CONVOY LOST AS SUBMARIN
INDIA'S DESTINY IN BALANCE
MURDER! DESECRATION! RUIN! AH, JENSEN, THE PITY OF IT!
A PITY, SIR!
MOTT'S RADIO BLASTS...
EXCEPT FOR SWITZERLAND AND EIRE, THE GOVERNMENT OF EVERY NATION OF THE WORLD PRESSES FOR A DECISIVE ISSUE IN THIS WAR. THE DRAMA OF MANKIND HAS REACHED A CRISIS!
LAB
Molecules For DESTRUCTION
ENOUGH OF THIS! MEN ARE GOOD, JENSEN, BUT THEIR WILL TO SELF-DESTRUCTION BECOMES MORE DOMINANT EVERY GENERATION. THE DEVIL IS IN THEM YET THEY SHOULD BE SAVED FROM THE DEVIL, BUT THE PRICE IS TOO HIGH!
2

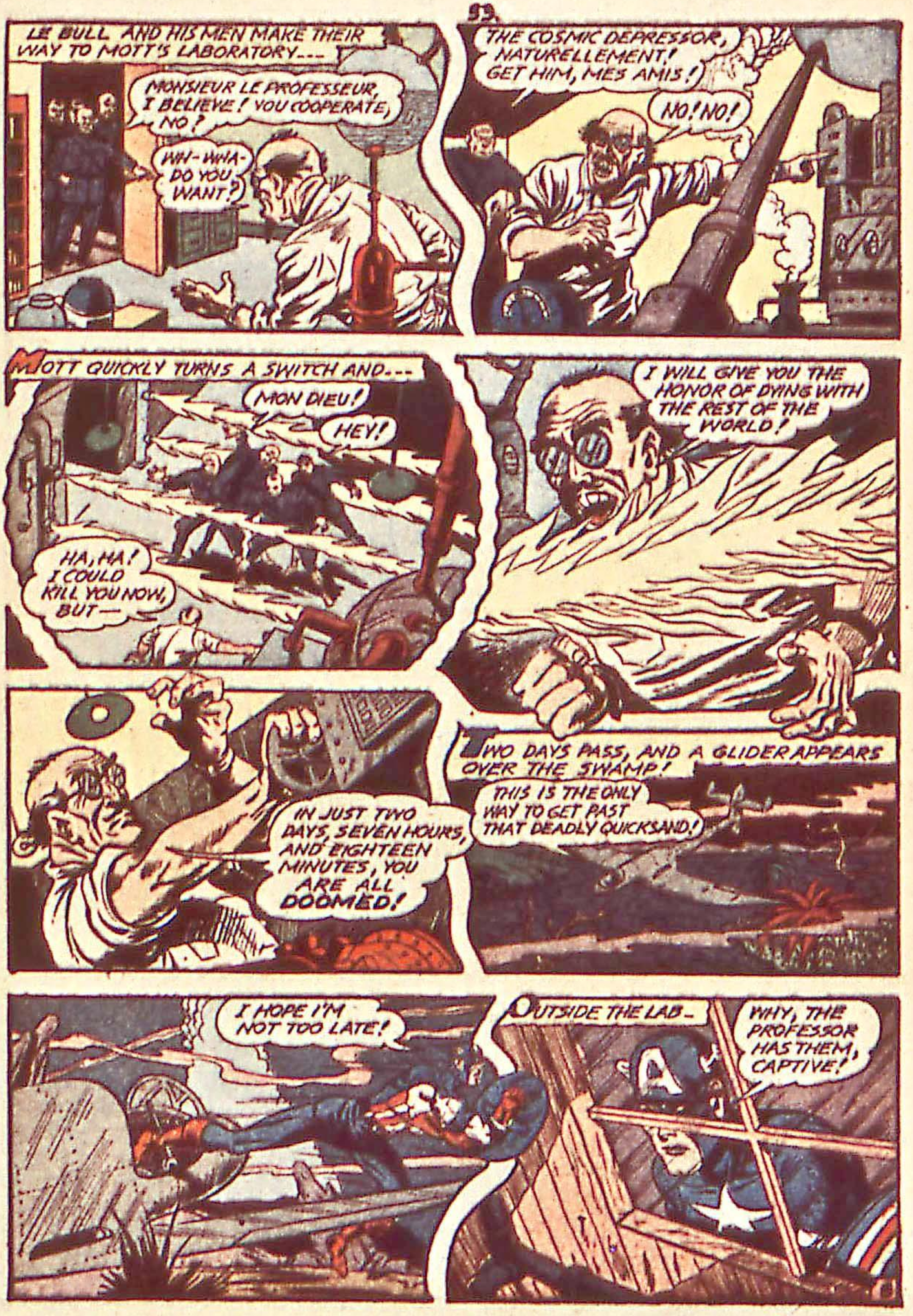

BUT WHAT'S THERE TO DO, SIR?
THAT'S THE HORROR OF IT, JENSEN... WE SCIENTISTS HAVE INCALCULABLE KNOWLEDGE... YET ARE HELPLESS TO BRING HUMANITY TO IT'S SENSES! THE DEVIL RULES!
I LOVE THE WORLD - THE WORLD IS GOING MAD! AND SO AM I!
YES, MAD! THE GREAT CLEMENT MOTT, WILL STOP THIS WAR THE ONLY POSSIBLE WAY!
H-HOW, SIR!
BY DESTROYING THE WORLD!
NO! NO! DON'T TOUCH THAT LEVER!
NO MAN WILL STOP ME FROM MY MISSION! I MUST SAVE MANKIND... I AM DESTINY!
JENSEN'S UNCONSCIOUS FORM IS CARRIED INTO THE SWAMP!
NONE SHALL STOP ME! MAN MUST BE SAVED!
HE WAS A GOOD MAN—BUT HE DIDN'T UNDERSTAND....
THIS SWAMP WILL PROTECT ME FROM THOSE WHO WOULD INTERFER—I ALONE KNOW THE PASSAGE THRU THE QUICKSAND!
3

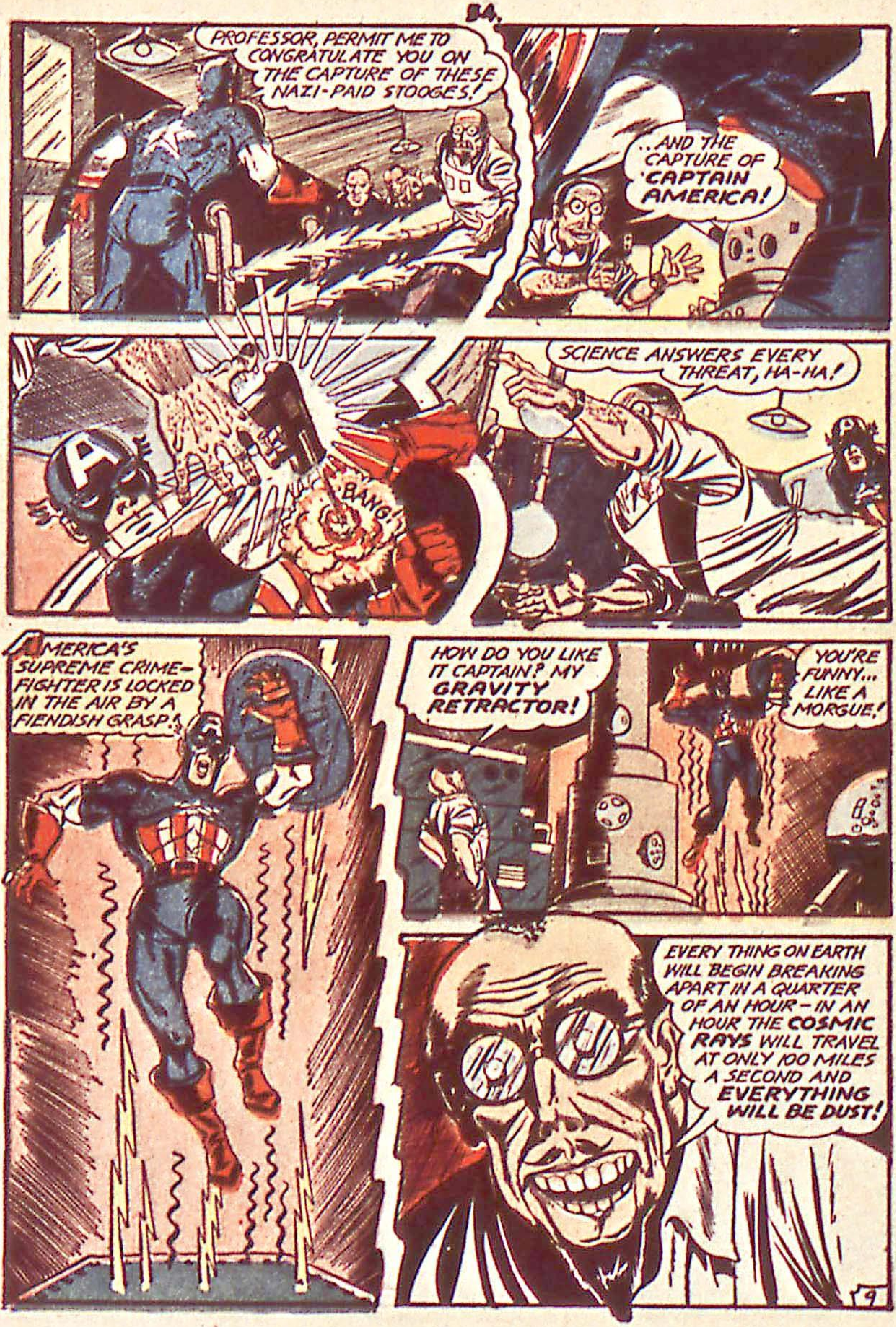

THIS COSMIC DEPRESSOR WILL DO IT!
COSMIC RAYS ARE INVISIBLE PELLETS PASSING IN ALL DIRECTIONS THRU ALL MATTER AT THE RATE OF 600 MILES A SECOND! THE SOLAR BULLETS HOLD MATTER TOGETHER!
WITHOUT THAT SPEED EVERYTHING FALLS APART! THIS DEPRESSOR CAN ACCUMULATE THE MAJORITY OF THEM, SLOW THEM DOWN, AND, STOP THEM!
IT IS DONE - MANKIND IS SAVED! IN 48 HOURS ALL MATTER WILL DISINTEGRATE... ALL WILL BE DUST FLOATING IN SPACE!
BACK AT CAMP LEHIGH, STEVE AND BUCKY HAVE FINISHED THEIR PAINT JOB...
WE FINISHED THE JOB TWO DAYS AHEAD OF TIME AND WE'VE GOT THE REST OF THE WEEK OFF!
LET'S DRIVE INTO TOWN!
WHICH THEY DO, TAKING THE ROAD AROUND "MURKY SWAMP"! LITTLE REALIZING THE MENACE AHEAD!
BOY, OH BOY, IT'S SURE DARK AHEAD!
I DON'T TRUST THIS ROAD-BED, BUCKY... ONE OF THESE DAYS IT'LL JUST SLIP AND CRUMBLE INTO THE SWAMP... THEN, BOY, LOOK OUT!
CAN'T TELL, STEVE!
JUST THEN STEVE'S PROPHECY HITS THEM IN THE FACE!
LOOK OUT!
THAT'S CALLING YOUR SHOTS, STEVE!
CAMP LEHIGH
4

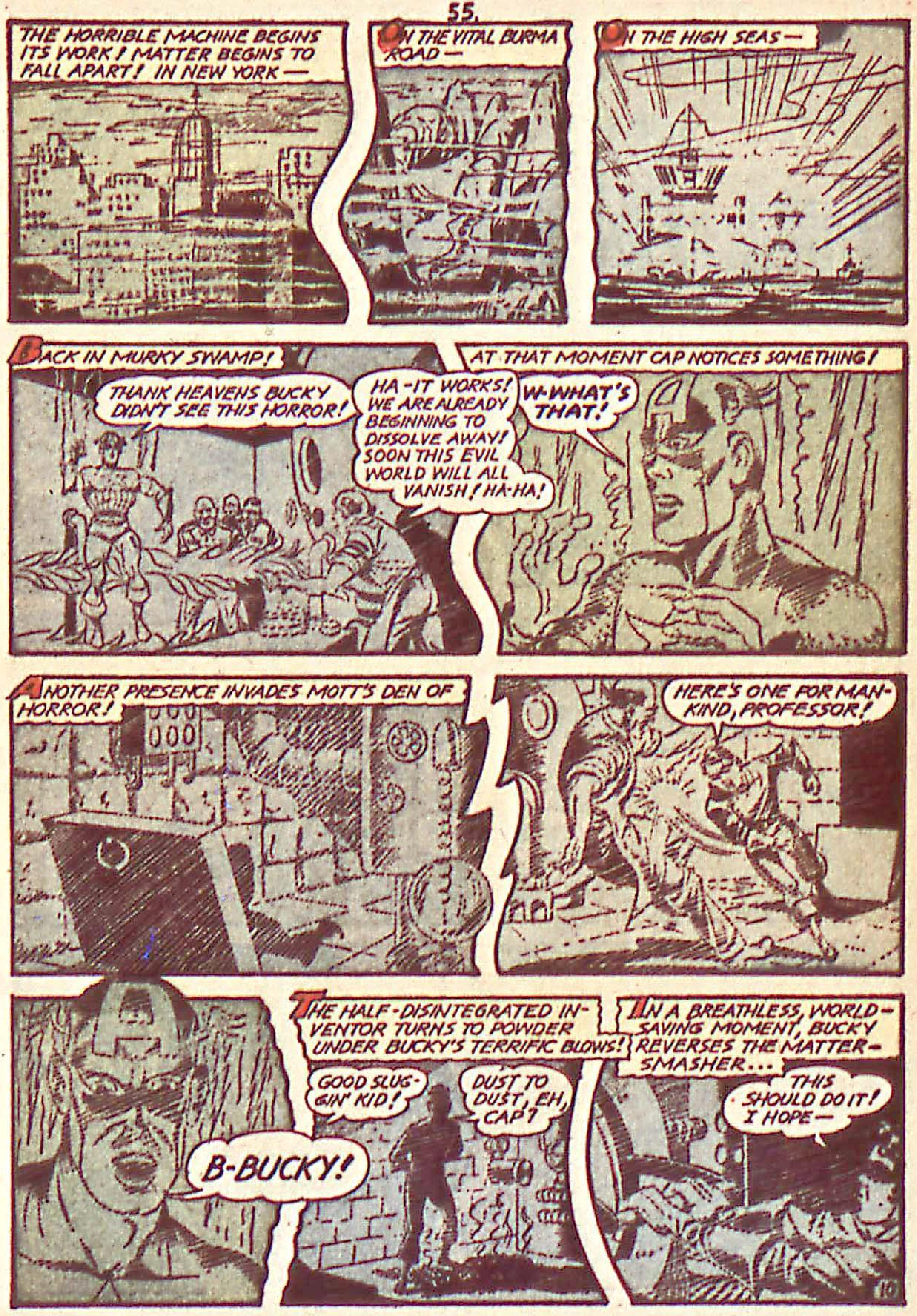

BUCKY SINKS INTO THE SANDS WITH AN ANGUISHED CRY... AS THE LAD REALIZES THAT HE'S CAUGHT IN A DEADLY TRAP!
BUCKY!
IT'S QUICKSAND! I'M SINKING! STEVE! HELP! STEVE! OHHHHHH...
B-B-BUCKY!... OOHHH, T-T-THE P-P-POOR K-K-KID!
IT-IT HAPPENED SO QUICK! BUT I GUESS THAT'S THE WAY IT IS WHEN IT COMES! FAST! I'LL MISS YA KID.... I-I-I'LL MISS YA!
BUT LET US TURN TO VICHY, FRANCE, FIVE DAYS EARLIER!
LE BULL, MEMBERS OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY HAVE INFORMATION ON THE FAMOUS AMERICAN'S DESTRUCTIVE MACHINE. IT'S USES CAN BE LOCALIZED... OUR NAZI FRIENDS CAN USE IT, COMPRENEZ-VOUS?
OUI, MON ADMIRAL!
THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE CAN BE OBLITERATED! YOU WILL MAKE YOUR WAY BY U-BOAT TO MARTINIQUE... AN AIR-CLIPPER WILL RELAY YOU TO FLORIDA... YOU WILL PARA-JUMP INTO MURKY SWAMP!
MON CHEF, LE BULL NEVER FAILS!
BACK TO THE HARROWING PRESENT... GRIEF-STRICKEN STEVE ROGERS STAGGERS DEEP INTO MURKY SWAMP!
6

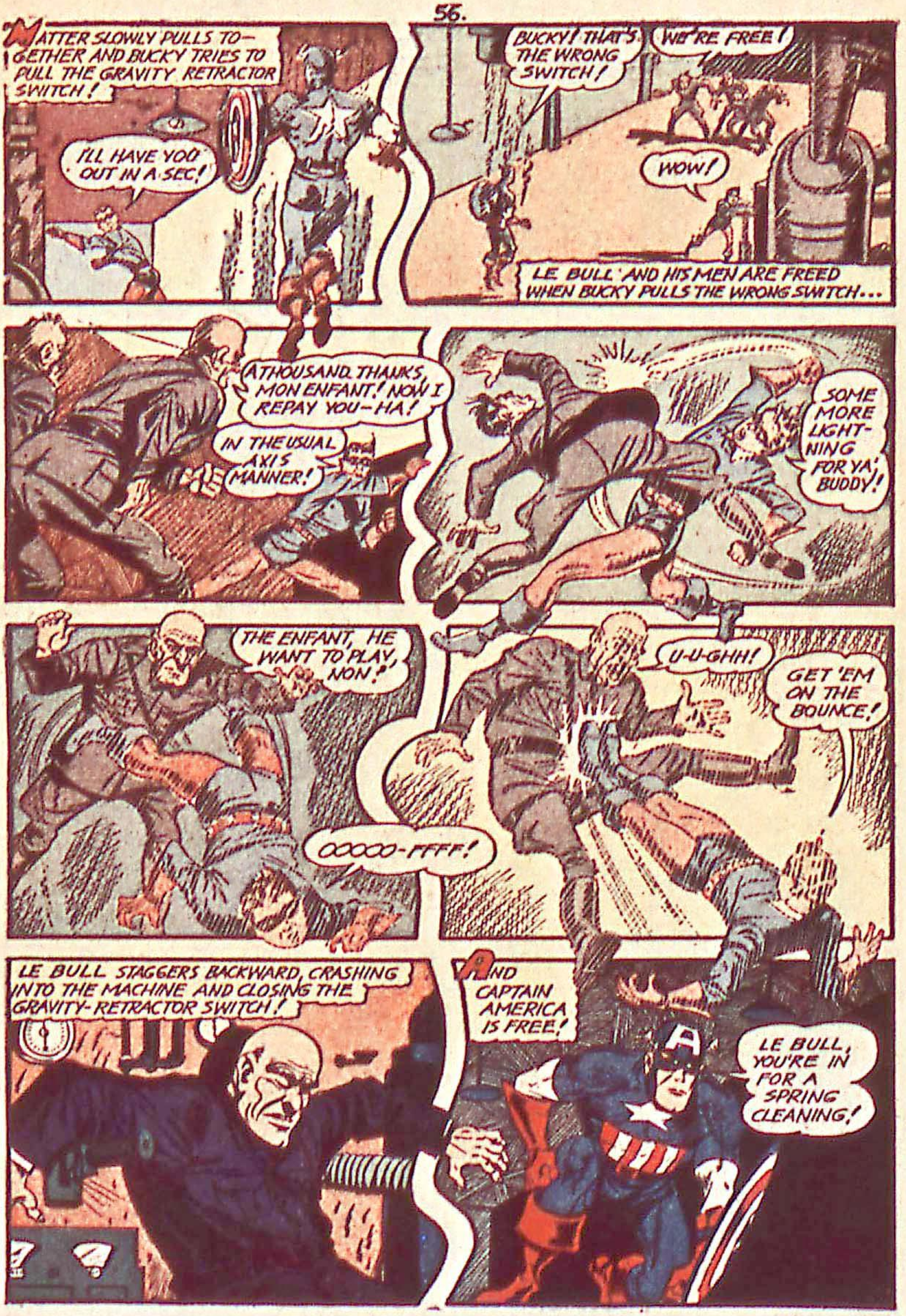

SUDDENLY, STEVE SEE-SEES A QUEER SIGHT ABOVE...
W-W-WHAT THE...
THAT PLANE HASN'T ENGINE TROUBLE! THOSE PARAJUMPERS ARE UP TO NO GOOD! HERE'S WHERE I START ACTING A DIFFERENT ROLE!
THEY LANDING UP AHEAD! WONDER WHY?
LE BULL LOOK!
MILLES DIABLES! LE CAPITAIN AMERICA!
LE BULL, I'VE HEARD OF YOU, YOU RAT!
CHICO! ARMAND! PIERRE— KILL HIM!
BANG
BANG
BANG
RAT TAT
RAT TAT TAT TAT TAT
6

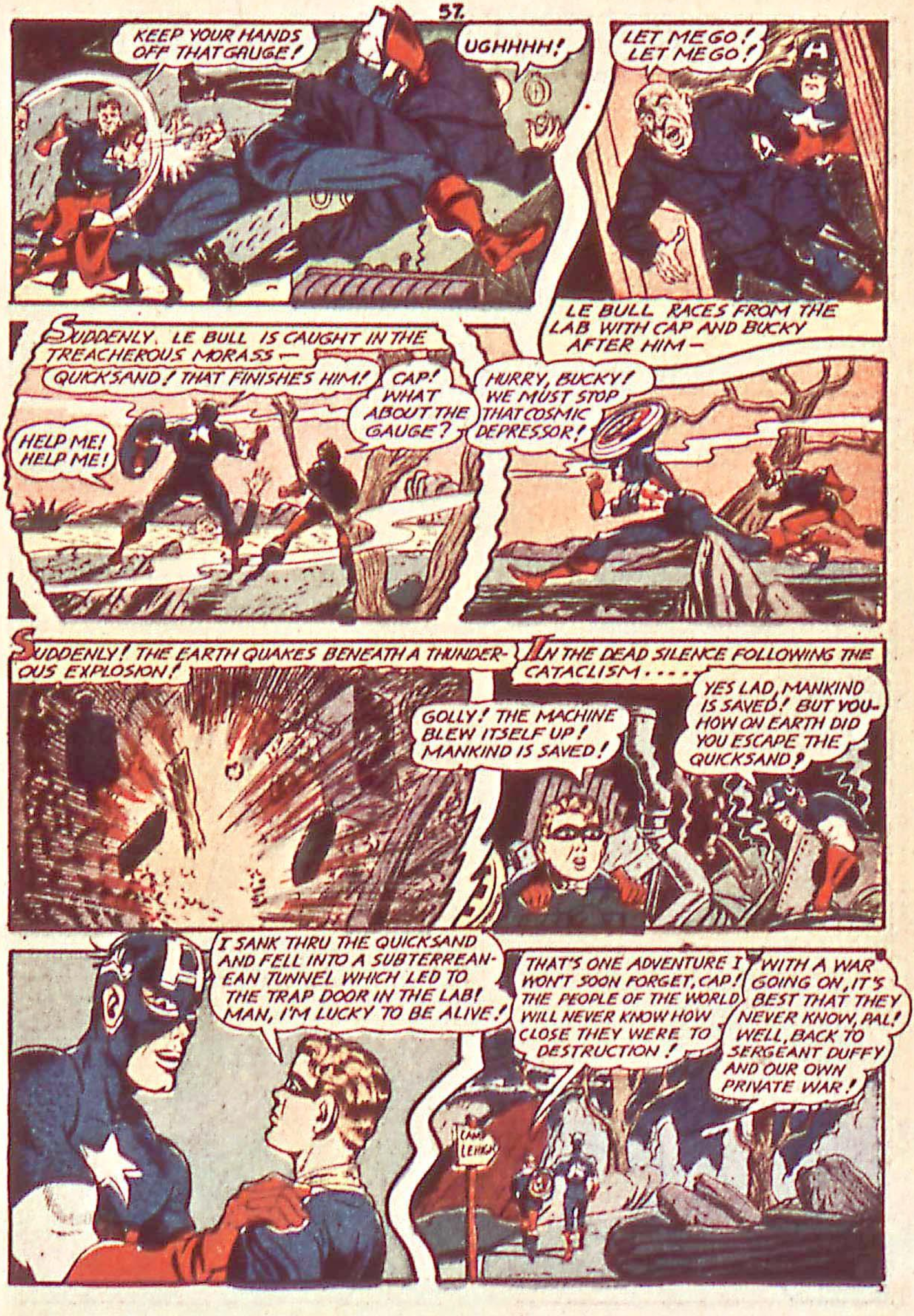

SO YOU'RE STICKING YOUR NECK OUT FOR VICHY FRANCE, EH?
YOUR LEADER LE BULL AND HIS MEN HAVE SKIPPED OUT ON YOU! WHAT'S HE DOING HERE? SPEAK UP, NAZI LOVER, BEFORE I CHOKE IT OUT OF YOU!
A BATTERED VICHY MAN TELLS WHAT HE KNOWS OF MOTT'S COSMIC DEPRESSOR AND LE BULL'S MISSION..
...AND LE BULL WILL DISCOVER ITS PRINCIPLE OF OPERATION AND MONSIEUR THE ADMIRAL WILL PRESENT BERLIN WITH A NEW AND TERRIBLE WEAPON... I KNOW NO MORE!
THAT'S ENOUGH!
BUT AMERICA'S PRIME DEFENDER SUDDENLY FALLS INTO THE SAME SWAMP TRAP THAT CLAIMED BUCKY FOR ITS VICTIM!
QUICKSAND!
I MUST WIN THRU— I MUST!
I'M NOT AFRAID OF DEATH— BUT I WON'T DIE IN VAIN!
UGH!

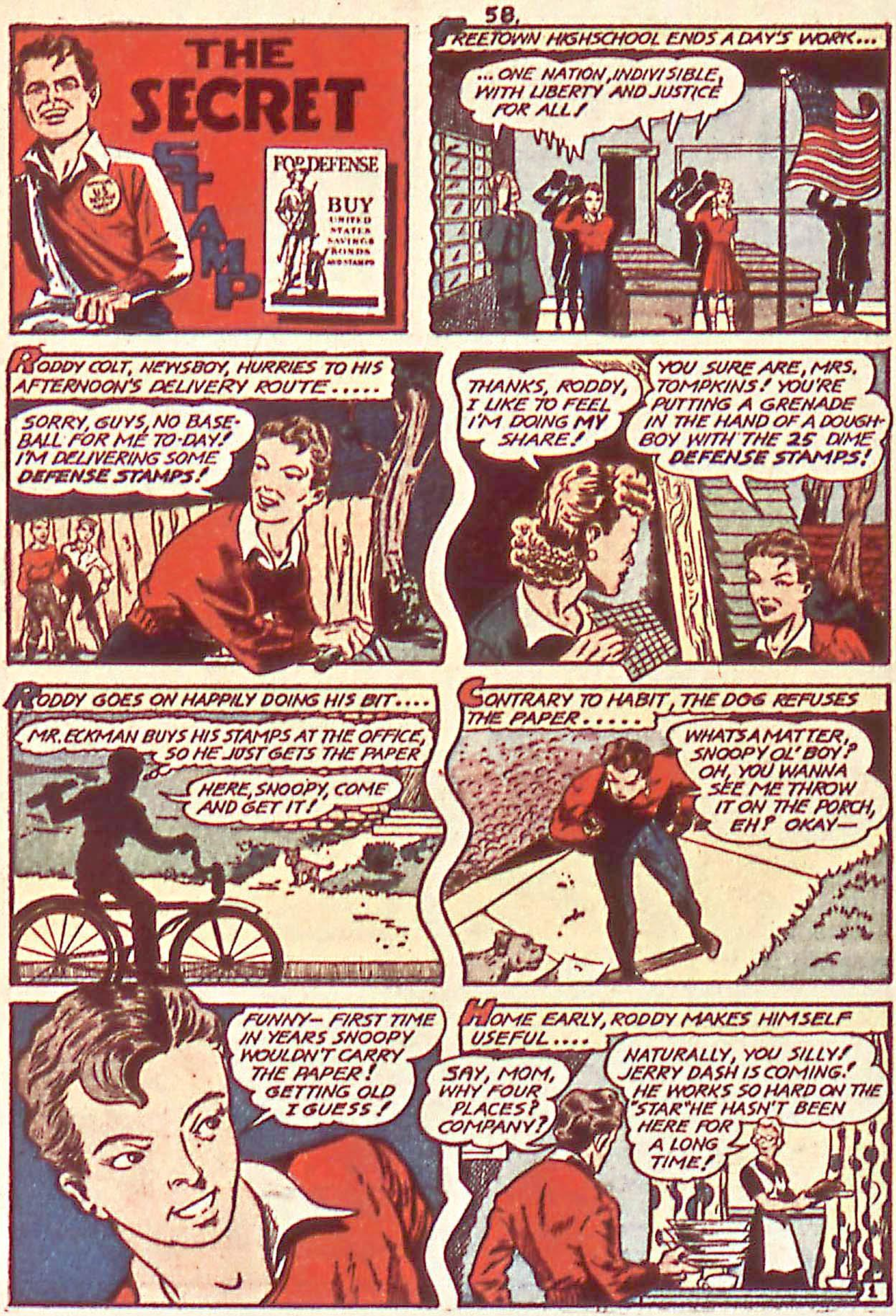

LE BULL AND HIS MEN MAKE THEIR WAY TO MOTT'S LABORATORY---
MONSIEUR LE PROFESSEUR, I BELIEVE! YOU COOPERATE, NO?
WH-WHA-DO YOU WANT?
THE COSMIC DEPRESSOR, NATURELLEMENT! GET HIM, MES AMIS!
NO! NO!
MOTT QUICKLY TURNS A SWITCH AND---
MON DIEU!
HEY!
HA, HA! I COULD KILL YOU NOW, BUT—
I WILL GIVE YOU THE HONOR OF DYING WITH THE REST OF THE WORLD!
IN JUST TWO DAYS, SEVEN HOURS, AND EIGHTEEN MINUTES, YOU ARE ALL DOOMED!
TWO DAYS PASS, AND A GLIDER APPEARS OVER THE SWAMP!
THIS IS THE ONLY WAY TO GET PAST THAT DEADLY QUICKSAND!
I HOPE I'M NOT TOO LATE!
OUTSIDE THE LAB-
WHY, THE PROFESSOR HAS THEM, CAPTIVE!

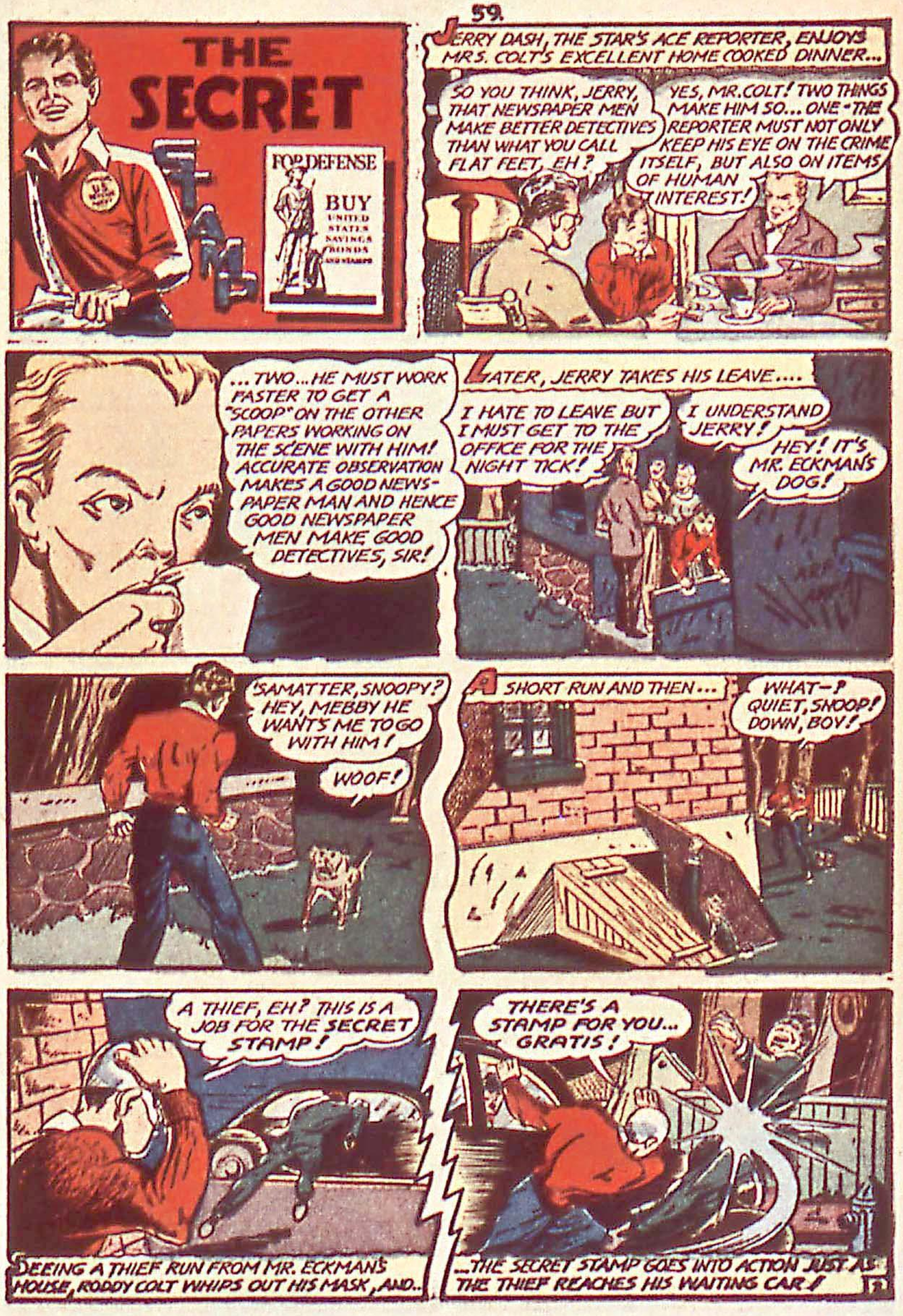

PROFESSOR, PERMIT ME TO CONGRATULATE YOU ON THE CAPTURE OF THESE NAZI-PAID STOOGES!
..AND THE CAPTURE OF 'CAPTAIN AMERICA!
SCIENCE ANSWERS EVERY THREAT, HA-HA!
BANG!
AMERICA'S SUPREME CRIME-FIGHTER IS LOCKED IN THE AIR BY A FIENDISH GRASP!
HOW DO YOU LIKE IT CAPTAIN? MY GRAVITY RETRACTOR!
YOU'RE FUNNY... LIKE A MORGUE!
EVERY THING ON EARTH WILL BEGIN BREAKING APART IN A QUARTER OF AN HOUR - IN AN HOUR THE COSMIC RAYS WILL TRAVEL AT ONLY 100 MILES A SECOND AND EVERYTHING WILL BE DUST!

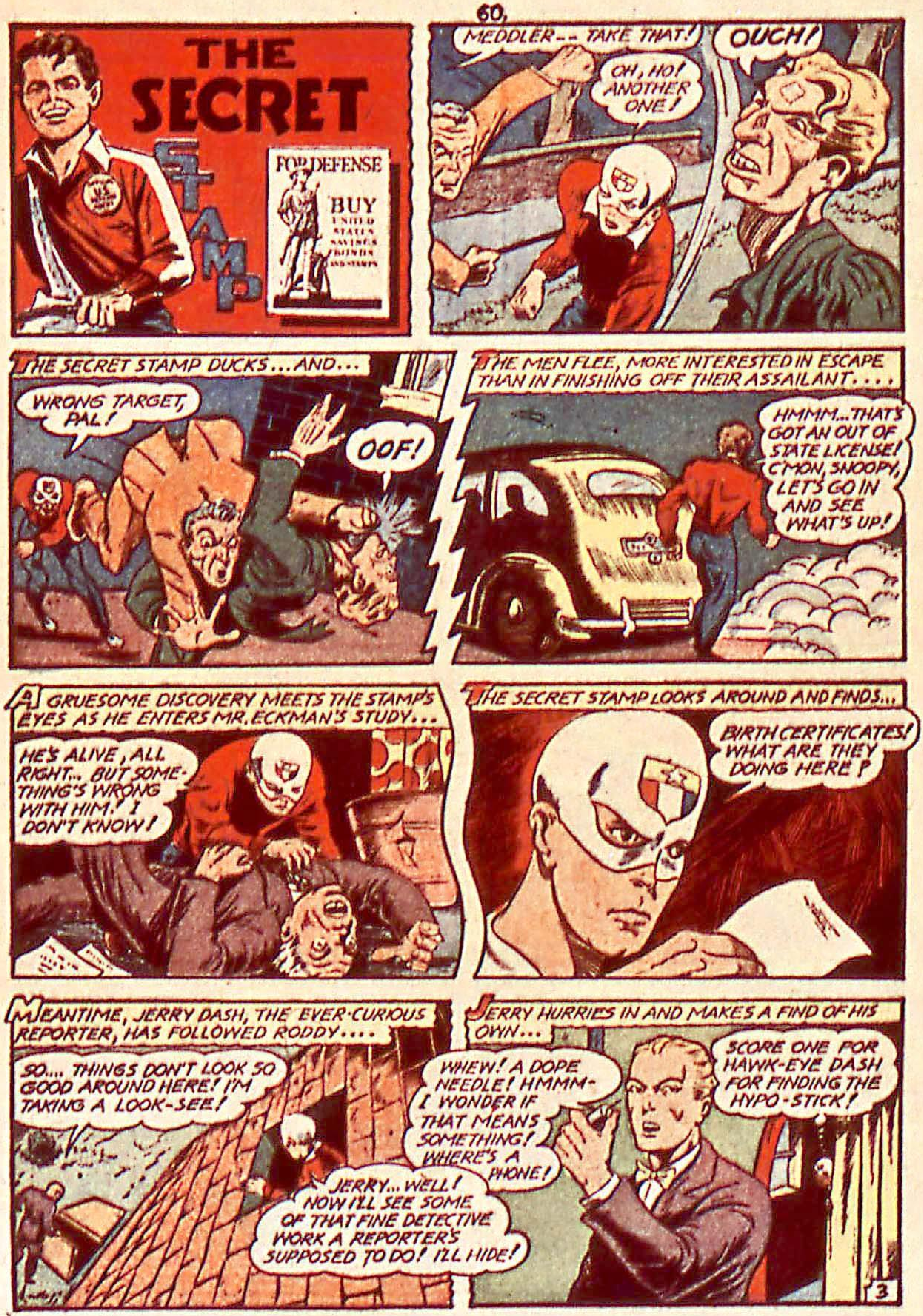

THE HORRIBLE MACHINE BEGINS ITS WORK! MATTER BEGINS TO FALL APART! IN NEW YORK—
ON THE VITAL BURMA ROAD—
ON THE HIGH SEAS—
BACK IN MURKY SWAMP!
THANK HEAVENS BUCKY DIDN'T SEE THIS HORROR!
HA-IT WORKS! WE ARE ALREADY BEGINNING TO DISSOLVE AWAY! SOON THIS EVIL WORLD WILL ALL VANISH! HA-HA!
AT THAT MOMENT CAP NOTICES SOMETHING!
W-WHAT'S THAT!
ANOTHER PRESENCE INVADES MOTT'S DEN OF HORROR!
HERE'S ONE FOR MANKIND, PROFESSOR!
B-BUCKY!
THE HALF-DISINTEGRATED INVENTOR TURNS TO POWDER UNDER BUCKY'S TERRIFIC BLOWS!
GOOD SLUGGIN' KID!
DUST TO DUST, EH, CAP?
IN A BREATHLESS, WORLD-SAVING MOMENT, BUCKY REVERSES THE MATTER-SMASHER...
THIS SHOULD DO IT! I HOPE—
10

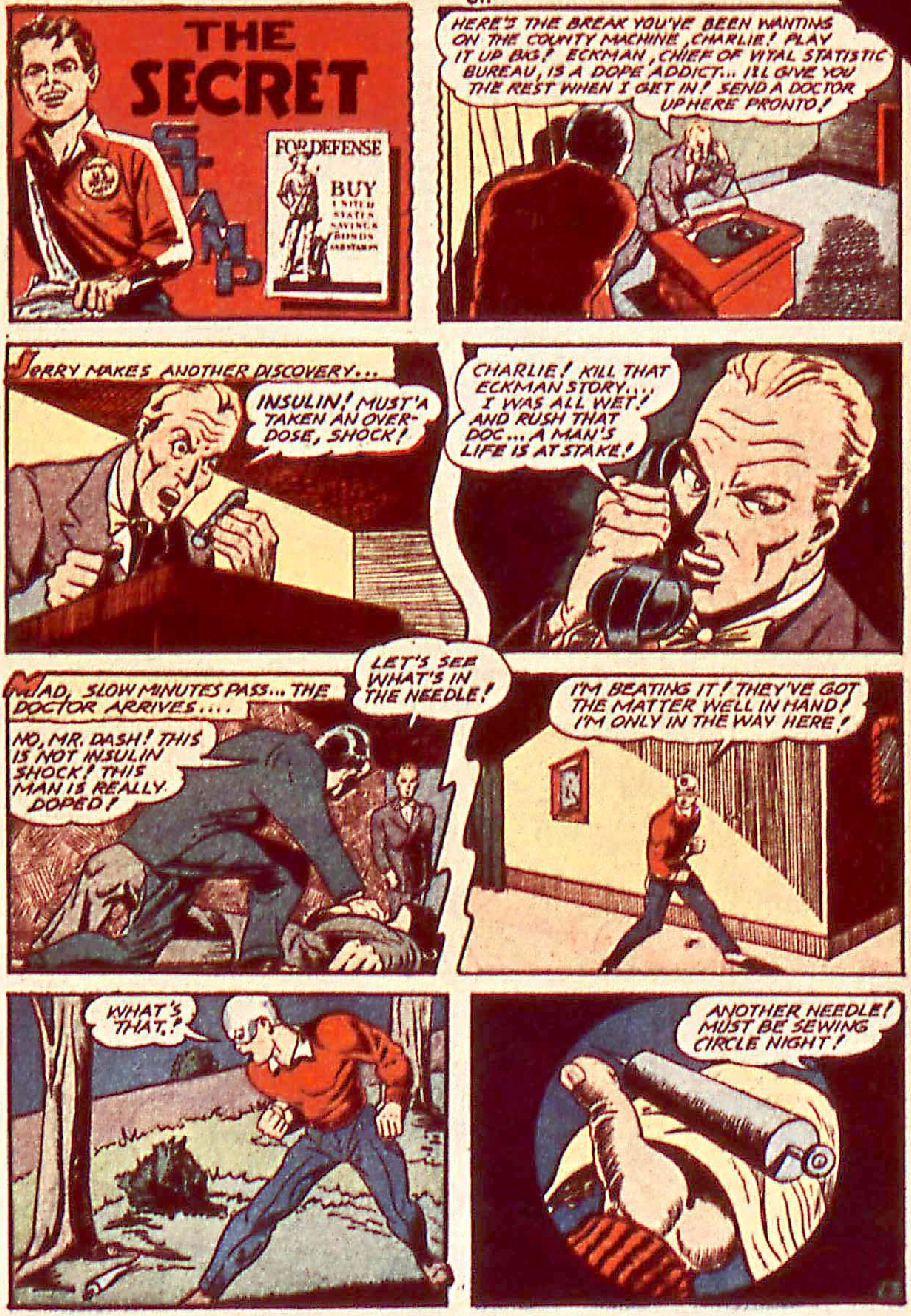

MATTER SLOWLY PULLS TOGETHER AND BUCKY TRIES TO PULL THE GRAVITY RETRACTOR SWITCH!
I'LL HAVE YOU OUT IN A SEC!
BUCKY! THAT'S THE WRONG SWITCH!
WE'RE FREE!
WOW!
LE BULL AND HIS MEN ARE FREED WHEN BUCKY PULLS THE WRONG SWITCH...
A THOUSAND THANKS, MON ENFANT! NOW I REPAY YOU-HA!
IN THE USUAL AXIS MANNER!
SOME MORE LIGHTNING FOR YA' BUDDY!
THE ENFANT, HE WANT TO PLAY, NON!
OOOOO-FFFF!
U-U-GHH!
GET 'EM ON THE BOUNCE!
LE BULL STAGGERS BACKWARD, CRASHING INTO THE MACHINE AND CLOSING THE GRAVITY-RETRACTOR SWITCH!
AND CAPTAIN AMERICA IS FREE!
LE BULL, YOU'RE IN FOR A SPRING CLEANING!

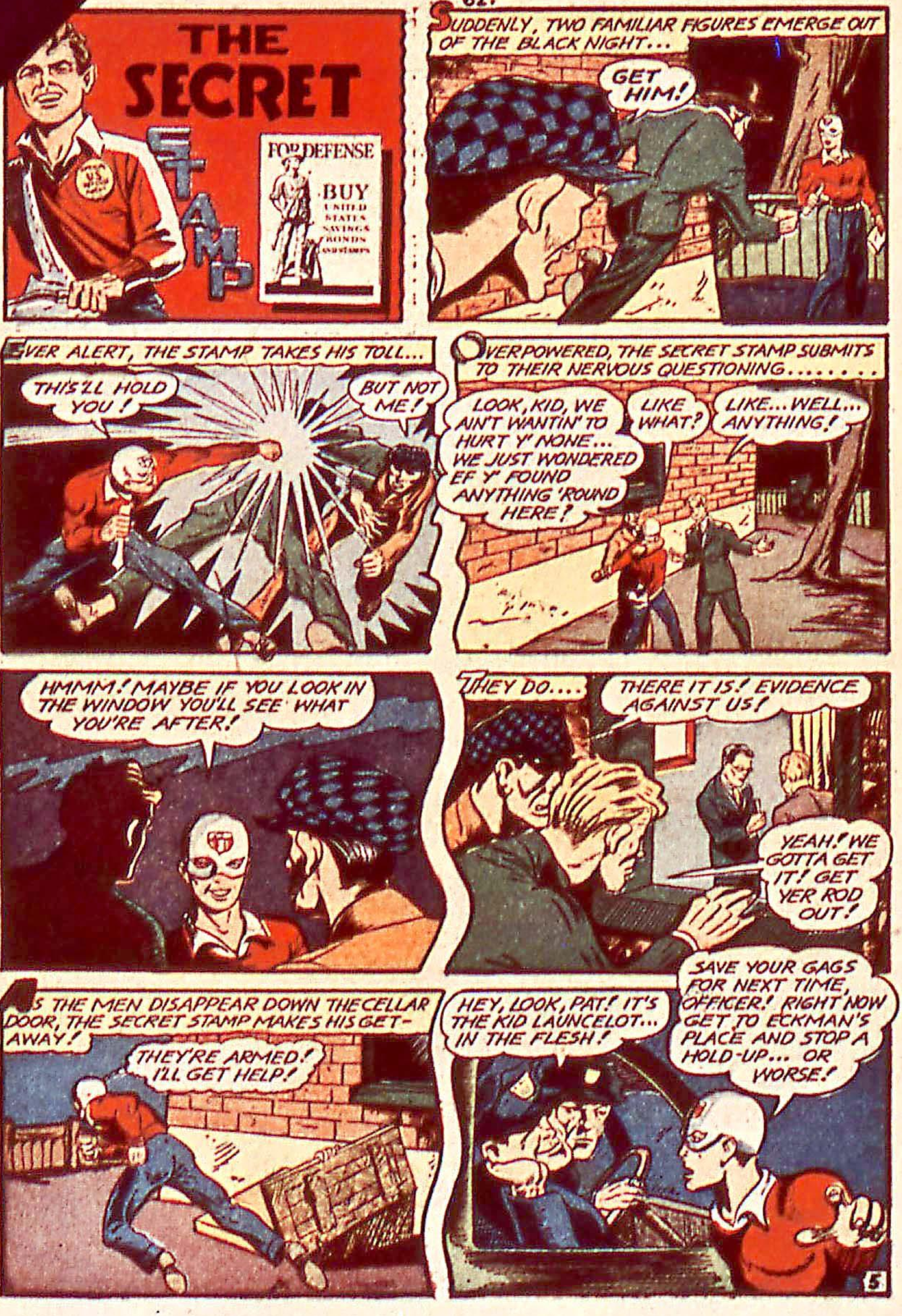

KEEP YOUR HANDS OFF THAT GAUGE!
UGHHHH!
LET ME GO! LET ME GO!
LE BULL RACES FROM THE LAB WITH CAP AND BUCKY AFTER HIM—
HURRY, BUCKY! WE MUST STOP THAT COSMIC DEPRESSOR!
SUDDENLY, LE BULL IS CAUGHT IN THE TREACHEROUS MORASS—
QUICKSAND! THAT FINISHES HIM!
CAP! WHAT ABOUT THE GAUGE?
HELP ME! HELP ME!
SUDDENLY! THE EARTH QUAKES BENEATH A THUNDEROUS EXPLOSION!
IN THE DEAD SILENCE FOLLOWING THE CATACLISM....
GOLLY! THE MACHINE BLEW ITSELF UP! MANKIND IS SAVED!
YES LAD, MANKIND IS SAVED! BUT YOU—HOW ON EARTH DID YOU ESCAPE THE QUICKSAND?
I SANK THRU THE QUICKSAND AND FELL INTO A SUBTERREANEAN TUNNEL WHICH LED TO THE TRAP DOOR IN THE LAB! MAN, I'M LUCKY TO BE ALIVE!
THAT'S ONE ADVENTURE I WON'T SOON FORGET, CAP! THE PEOPLE OF THE WORLD WILL NEVER KNOW HOW CLOSE THEY WERE TO DESTRUCTION!
WITH A WAR GOING ON, IT'S BEST THAT THEY NEVER KNOW, PAL! WELL, BACK TO SERGEANT DUFFY AND OUR OWN PRIVATE WAR!
CAMP LEHIGH

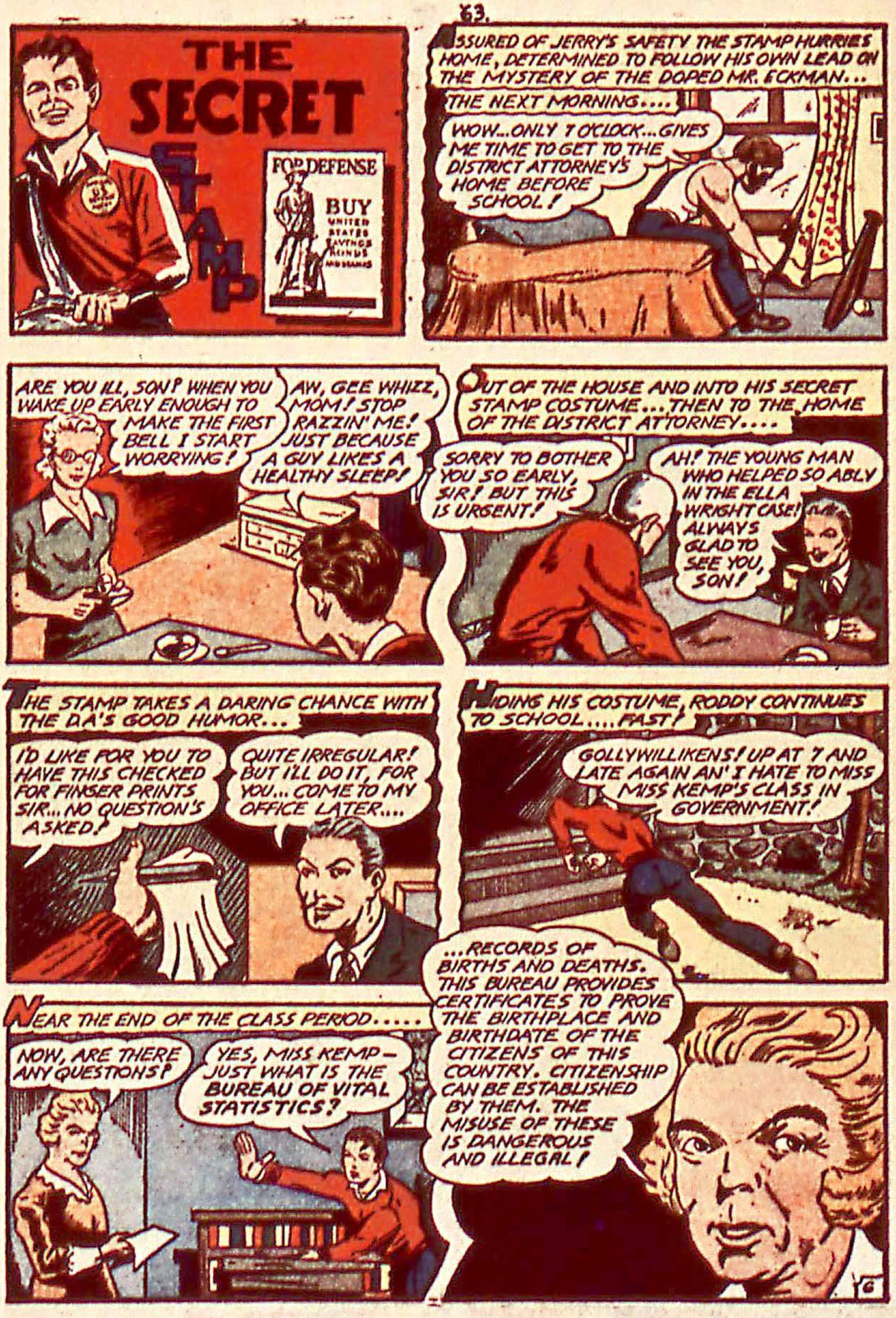

THE SECRET STAMP
FOR DEFENSE
BUY UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS
FREETOWN HIGHSCHOOL ENDS A DAY'S WORK...
...ONE NATION, INDIVISIBLE, WITH LIBERTY AND JUSTICE FOR ALL!
RODDY COLT, NEWSBOY, HURRIES TO HIS AFTERNOON'S DELIVERY ROUTE.....
SORRY, GUYS, NO BASEBALL FOR ME TO-DAY! I'M DELIVERING SOME DEFENSE STAMPS!
THANKS, RODDY, I LIKE TO FEEL I'M DOING MY SHARE!
YOU SURE ARE, MRS. TOMPKINS! YOU'RE PUTTING A GRENADE IN THE HAND OF A DOUGHBOY WITH THE 25 DIME DEFENSE STAMPS!
RODDY GOES ON HAPPILY DOING HIS BIT....
MR. ECKMAN BUYS HIS STAMPS AT THE OFFICE, SO HE JUST GETS THE PAPER
HERE, SNOOPY, COME AND GET IT!
CONTRARY TO HABIT, THE DOG REFUSES THE PAPER.....
WHATSAMATTER, SNOOPY OL' BOY? OH, YOU WANNA SEE ME THROW IT ON THE PORCH, EH? OKAY—
FUNNY— FIRST TIME IN YEARS SNOOPY WOULDN'T CARRY THE PAPER! GETTING OLD I GUESS!
HOME EARLY, RODDY MAKES HIMSELF USEFUL....
SAY, MOM, WHY FOUR PLACES? COMPANY?
NATURALLY, YOU SILLY! JERRY DASH IS COMING! HE WORKS SO HARD ON THE "STAR" HE HASN'T BEEN HERE FOR A LONG TIME!
1

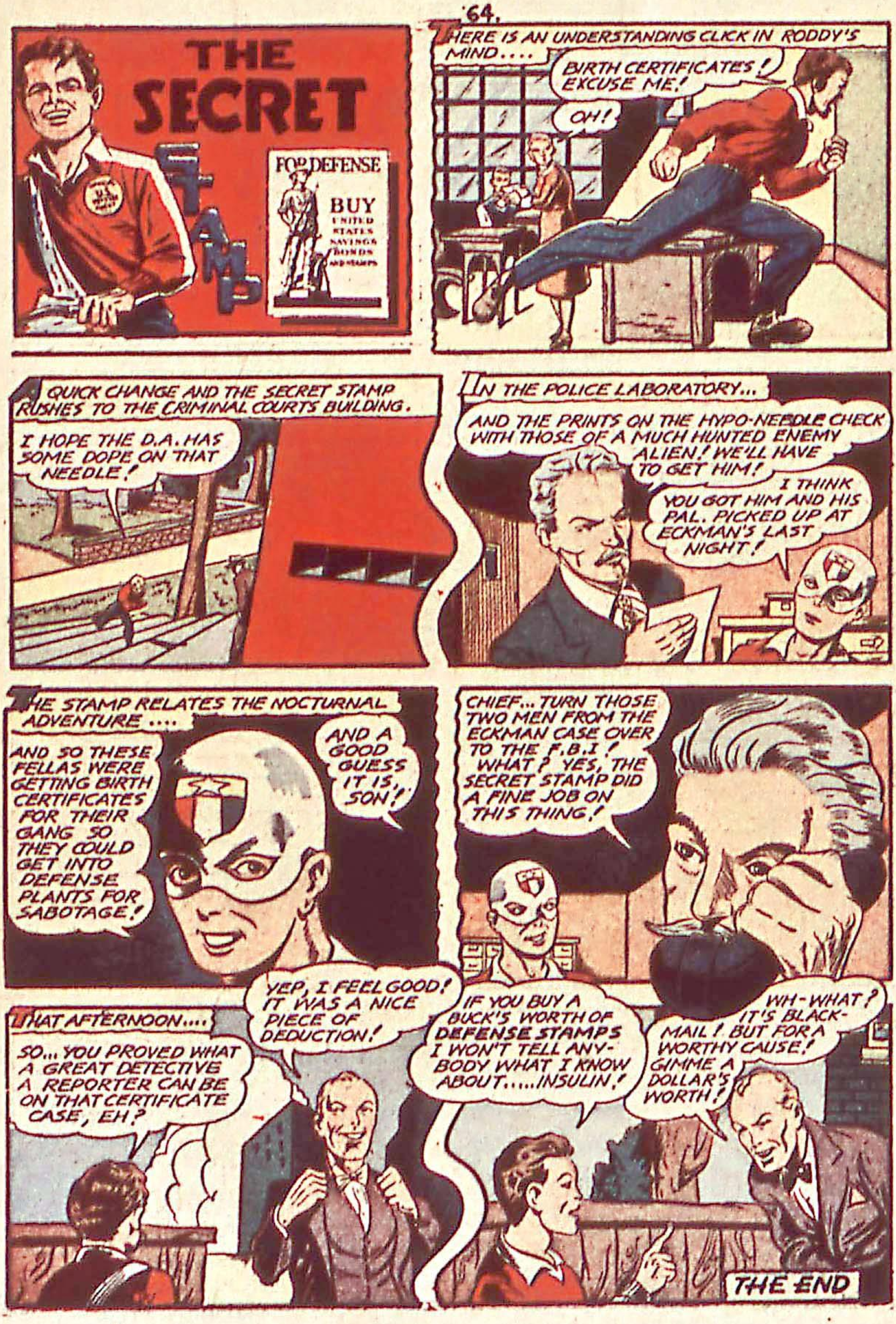

THE SECRET STAMP
FOR DEFENSE
BUY UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS
JERRY DASH, THE STAR'S ACE REPORTER, ENJOYS MRS. COLT'S EXCELLENT HOME COOKED DINNER...
SO YOU THINK, JERRY, THAT NEWSPAPER MEN MAKE BETTER DETECTIVES THAN WHAT YOU CALL FLAT FEET, EH?
YES, MR. COLT! TWO THINGS MAKE HIM SO... ONE - THE REPORTER MUST NOT ONLY KEEP HIS EYE ON THE CRIME ITSELF, BUT ALSO ON ITEMS OF HUMAN INTEREST!
...TWO...HE MUST WORK FASTER TO GET A "SCOOP" ON THE OTHER PAPERS WORKING ON THE SCENE WITH HIM! ACCURATE OBSERVATION MAKES A GOOD NEWSPAPER MAN AND HENCE GOOD NEWSPAPER MEN MAKE GOOD DETECTIVES, SIR!
LATER, JERRY TAKES HIS LEAVE....
I HATE TO LEAVE BUT I MUST GET TO THE OFFICE FOR THE NIGHT TICK!
I UNDERSTAND JERRY!
HEY! IT'S MR. ECKMAN'S DOG!
'SAMATTER, SNOOPY? HEY, MEBBY HE WANT'S ME TO GO WITH HIM!
WOOF!
A SHORT RUN AND THEN...
WHAT-? QUIET, SNOOP! DOWN, BOY!
A THIEF, EH? THIS IS A JOB FOR THE SECRET STAMP!
THERE'S A STAMP FOR YOU... GRATIS!
SEEING A THIEF RUN FROM MR. ECKMAN'S HOUSE, RODDY COLT WHIPS OUT HIS MASK, AND...
...THE SECRET STAMP GOES INTO ACTION JUST AS THE THIEF REACHES HIS WAITING CAR!
3


THE SECRET STAMP
FOR DEFENSE
BUY UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS
MEDDLER-- TAKE THAT!
OH, HO! ANOTHER ONE!
OUCH!
THE SECRET STAMP DUCKS...AND...
WRONG TARGET, PAL!
OOF!
THE MEN FLEE, MORE INTERESTED IN ESCAPE THAN IN FINISHING OFF THEIR ASSAILANT....
HMMM...THAT'S GOT AN OUT OF STATE LICENSE! C'MON, SNOOPY, LET'S GO IN AND SEE WHAT'S UP!
A GRUESOME DISCOVERY MEETS THE STAMP'S EYES AS HE ENTERS MR. ECKMAN'S STUDY...
HE'S ALIVE, ALL RIGHT... BUT SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH HIM! I DON'T KNOW!
THE SECRET STAMP LOOKS AROUND AND FINDS...
BIRTH CERTIFICATES! WHAT ARE THEY DOING HERE?
MEANTIME, JERRY DASH, THE EVER-CURIOUS REPORTER, HAS FOLLOWED RODDY....
SO.... THINGS DON'T LOOK SO GOOD AROUND HERE! I'M TAKING A LOOK-SEE!
JERRY... WELL! NOW I'LL SEE SOME OF THAT FINE DETECTIVE WORK A REPORTER'S SUPPOSED TO DO! I'LL HIDE!
JERRY HURRIES IN AND MAKES A FIND OF HIS OWN...
WHEW! A DOPE NEEDLE! HMMM- I WONDER IF THAT MEANS SOMETHING! WHERE'S A PHONE!
SCORE ONE FOR HAWK-EYE DASH FOR FINDING THE HYPO-STICK!
3


THE SECRET STAMP
FOR DEFENSE BUY UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS
HERE'S THE BREAK YOU'VE BEEN WANTING ON THE COUNTY MACHINE, CHARLIE! PLAY IT UP BIG! ECKMAN, CHIEF OF VITAL STATISTIC BUREAU, IS A DOPE ADDICT... I'LL GIVE YOU THE REST WHEN I GET IN! SEND A DOCTOR UP HERE PRONTO!
JERRY MAKES ANOTHER DISCOVERY...
INSULIN! MUST'A TAKEN AN OVER-DOSE, SHOCK!
CHARLIE! KILL THAT ECKMAN STORY... I WAS ALL WET! AND RUSH THAT DOC... A MAN'S LIFE IS AT STAKE!
MAD, SLOW MINUTES PASS... THE DOCTOR ARRIVES....
LET'S SEE WHAT'S IN THE NEEDLE!
NO, MR. DASH! THIS IS NOT INSULIN SHOCK! THIS MAN IS REALLY DOPED!
I'M BEATING IT! THEY'VE GOT THE MATTER WELL IN HAND! I'M ONLY IN THE WAY HERE!
WHAT'S THAT.?
ANOTHER NEEDLE! MUST BE SEWING CIRCLE NIGHT!


THE SECRET STAMP
U.S.
FOR DEFENSE
BUY UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS
SUDDENLY, TWO FAMILIAR FIGURES EMERGE OUT OF THE BLACK NIGHT...
GET HIM!
EVER ALERT, THE STAMP TAKES HIS TOLL...
THIS'LL HOLD YOU!
BUT NOT ME!
OVERPOWERED, THE SECRET STAMP SUBMITS TO THEIR NERVOUS QUESTIONING........
LOOK, KID, WE AIN'T WANTIN' TO HURT Y' NONE... WE JUST WONDERED EF Y' FOUND ANYTHING 'ROUND HERE?
LIKE WHAT?
LIKE... WELL... ANYTHING!
HMMM! MAYBE IF YOU LOOK IN THE WINDOW YOU'LL SEE WHAT YOU'RE AFTER!
THEY DO....
THERE IT IS! EVIDENCE AGAINST US!
YEAH! WE GOTTA GET IT! GET YER ROD OUT!
AS THE MEN DISAPPEAR DOWN THE CELLAR DOOR, THE SECRET STAMP MAKES HIS GET-AWAY!
THEY'RE ARMED! I'LL GET HELP!
HEY, LOOK, PAT! IT'S THE KID LAUNCELOT... IN THE FLESH!
SAVE YOUR GAGS FOR NEXT TIME, OFFICER! RIGHT NOW GET TO ECKMAN'S PLACE AND STOP A HOLD-UP... OR WORSE!
5


THE SECRET STAMP
FOR DEFENSE BUY UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS
ASSURED OF JERRY'S SAFETY THE STAMP HURRIES HOME, DETERMINED TO FOLLOW HIS OWN LEAD ON THE MYSTERY OF THE DOPED MR. ECKMAN...
THE NEXT MORNING....
WOW...ONLY 7 O'CLOCK...GIVES ME TIME TO GET TO THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S HOME BEFORE SCHOOL!
ARE YOU ILL, SON? WHEN YOU WAKE UP EARLY ENOUGH TO MAKE THE FIRST BELL I START WORRYING!
AW, GEE WHIZZ, MOM! STOP RAZZIN' ME! JUST BECAUSE A GUY LIKES A HEALTHY SLEEP!
OUT OF THE HOUSE AND INTO HIS SECRET STAMP COSTUME...THEN TO THE HOME OF THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY...
SORRY TO BOTHER YOU SO EARLY, SIR! BUT THIS IS URGENT!
AH! THE YOUNG MAN WHO HELPED SO ABLY IN THE ELLA WRIGHT CASE! ALWAYS GLAD TO SEE YOU, SON!
THE STAMP TAKES A DARING CHANCE WITH THE D.A.'S GOOD HUMOR...
I'D LIKE FOR YOU TO HAVE THIS CHECKED FOR FINGER PRINTS SIR...NO QUESTION'S ASKED!
QUITE IRREGULAR! BUT I'LL DO IT, FOR YOU... COME TO MY OFFICE LATER....
HIDING HIS COSTUME, RODDY CONTINUES TO SCHOOL....FAST!
GOLLYWILLIKENS! UP AT 7 AND LATE AGAIN AN' I HATE TO MISS MISS KEMP'S CLASS IN GOVERNMENT!
NEAR THE END OF THE CLASS PERIOD.....
NOW, ARE THERE ANY QUESTIONS?
YES, MISS KEMP—JUST WHAT IS THE BUREAU OF VITAL STATISTICS?
...RECORDS OF BIRTHS AND DEATHS. THIS BUREAU PROVIDES CERTIFICATES TO PROVE THE BIRTHPLACE AND BIRTHDATE OF THE CITIZENS OF THIS COUNTRY. CITIZENSHIP CAN BE ESTABLISHED BY THEM. THE MISUSE OF THESE IS DANGEROUS AND ILLEGAL!
6


THE SECRET STAMP
FOR DEFENSE BUY UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS
THERE IS AN UNDERSTANDING CLICK IN RODDY'S MIND....
BIRTH CERTIFICATES! EXCUSE ME!
OH!
A QUICK CHANGE AND THE SECRET STAMP RUSHES TO THE CRIMINAL COURTS BUILDING.
I HOPE THE D.A. HAS SOME DOPE ON THAT NEEDLE!
IN THE POLICE LABORATORY...
AND THE PRINTS ON THE HYPO-NEEDLE CHECK WITH THOSE OF A MUCH HUNTED ENEMY ALIEN! WE'LL HAVE TO GET HIM!
I THINK YOU GOT HIM AND HIS PAL. PICKED UP AT ECKMAN'S LAST NIGHT!
THE STAMP RELATES THE NOCTURNAL ADVENTURE....
AND SO THESE FELLAS WERE GETTING BIRTH CERTIFICATES FOR THEIR GANG SO THEY COULD GET INTO DEFENSE PLANTS FOR SABOTAGE!
AND A GOOD GUESS IT IS, SON!
CHIEF... TURN THOSE TWO MEN FROM THE ECKMAN CASE OVER TO THE F.B.I! WHAT? YES, THE SECRET STAMP DID A FINE JOB ON THIS THING!
THAT AFTERNOON....
SO... YOU PROVED WHAT A GREAT DETECTIVE A REPORTER CAN BE ON THAT CERTIFICATE CASE, EH?
YEP, I FEEL GOOD! IT WAS A NICE PIECE OF DEDUCTION!
IF YOU BUY A BUCK'S WORTH OF DEFENSE STAMPS I WON'T TELL ANYBODY WHAT I KNOW ABOUT.....INSULIN!
WH-WHAT? IT'S BLACKMAIL! BUT FOR A WORTHY CAUSE! GIMME A DOLLAR'S WORTH!
THE END
]

SENTINELS OF LIBERTY
SECRET CLUB NEWS

A WORD FROM CAPTAIN AMERICA...

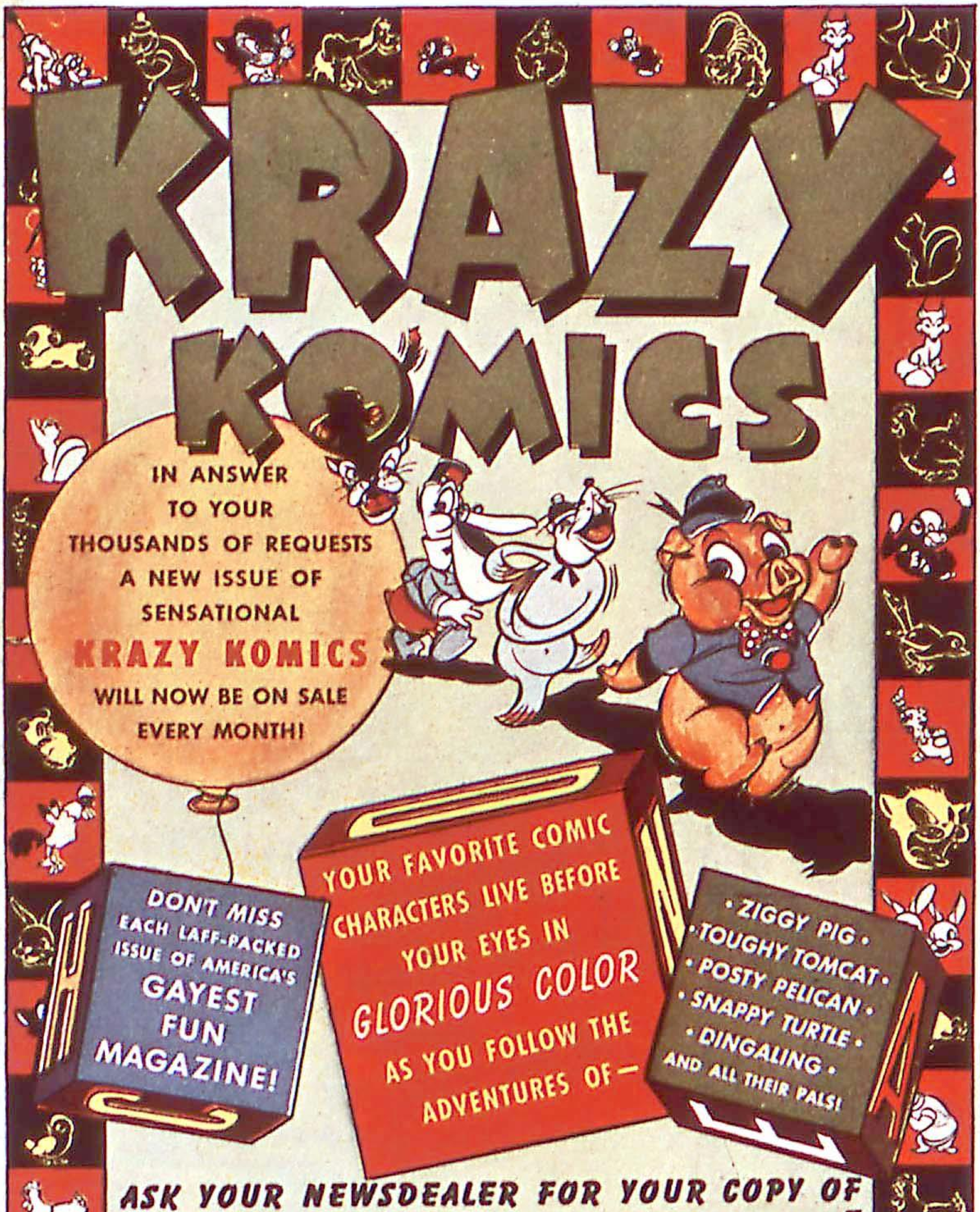
AMERICAN youth stands today as the Shock Troops of the Home Front! Your country needs your enthusiasm and energy . . . and your cooperation in all things. I am happy to see so many of you keeping up with the exciting events in my life and Bucky's as we fight the enemies of our Democracy. . . . Feeling that you are with us every smashing step of the way makes us feel good — strong! We'll be looking for you on our next round of adventures.

BUCKY says:

Ya-Hoo, Pals! Right now I'm plumb tuckered from chasing SUB-EARTHMEN, and smashing DOOM-MACHINES with Cap! But I feel good – a coupla jobs well done, y'know. Now look, Sentinels – here's a super-secret for you club members. Next issue Cap and I tangle with a mile-high Jap cannon, and also save a troop convoy in the tropical Pacific, and do a few other hair-raising jobs. It'll be fine knowing you're with us again!

Now here are your code passwords for this month:

To enter club-room – MQZ AYRPKYCC
To leave club-room – OIMKN XZ, WYNYYZ



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AS YOU FOLLOW THE
ADVENTURES OF—

- ZIGGY PIG
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- DINGALING

AND ALL THEIR PALS!

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